THE BYSTANDER
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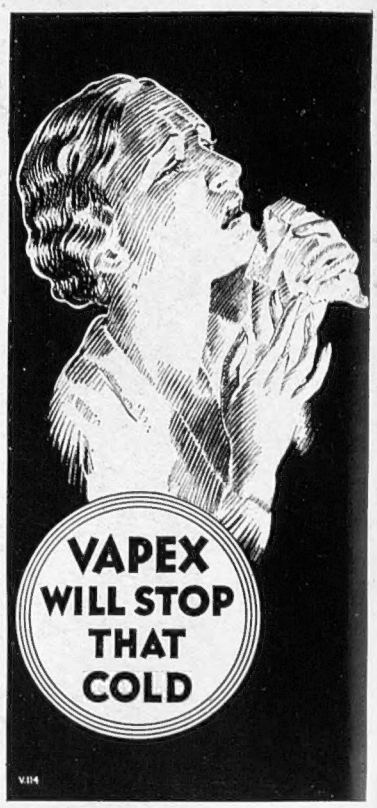

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The Bystander, April 3, 1935 No. 1633. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

G. Maillard Kesslère, New York

LILY PONS—THE NEW ROSINA

A new photograph of the tiny, attractive Lily Pons, who is appearing for the first time at Covent Garden this year, as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." She has the distinction of being the smallest prima donna in the world, and of being able to take the highest note possible for a woman's voice; is a pure Latin, was born in Cannes, and is passionately devoted to her native town, speaks English perfectly, and has a Parisienne's flair for dress

Swaebe

Miss Peta Davis Takes a Cake's Part

Brides cut cakes, and debs will draw a cake over a ball-room floor at a later charity affair, but Miss Peta Davis was a cake at the Mi-Carême Carnival at the Dorchester. She appeared as the Jubilee Cake in the procession, and here is Mr. Bobby Lowenstein lighting the twenty-five candles that formed her head-dress

Swaebe

The Scottish Side in a Battle of Flowers

Lady Patricia Mackay, in the centre, Miss Olga Beresford and Miss Margot Wortham were the trio who represented Scotland in the procession at the Mi-Carême Carnival and Battle of Flowers at the Dorchester last week; it was in aid of the Society of the Good Companions

Swaebe

"Shall We Dance Again?"

Lady Honor Channon and Mr. von Hoffmanstahl were at the Blue Train for last week's extension night

London After Dark

Parties That Were Given Last Week For Good Causes and Other Good Reasons

Swaebe

At a Coming-of-Age Party

Mrs. Walter Payne, Prince Youssoupoff, Lady Cecil Douglas, and Col. J. A. Maller were photographed at the party Col. Maller gave at his house in Hyde Park Square for his daughter, Dora, to celebrate her coming-of-age

Left: Commander and Mrs. Leake having supper on the balcony at the Café de Paris. Mrs. Leake is still best known as Betty Chester

Swaebe

Left: Anna Zinkeisen at the Britannia Ball, for which she supervised the decorations, at the Dorchester. The ball-room went all nautical for the evening

Right: Miss Marcia Trotter and Mr. Peter Dudley-Ryder looking at a Britannia Ball programme; even the programmes, round, like the white top of a sailor's summer hat, were under the influence of the waves

Swaebe

Anna Zinkeisen Designs a Charity Ball Setting

Swaebe

The Britannia Ball Made Three Ex-Debs Smile, Anyway

Miss Beatrice Baker, Miss Sheila Foster, and Miss Susan Bligh looked cheerful and decorative enough to please any sailor at the charity ball with a nautical setting which took place last week at the Dorchester. It was in aid of the Unemployed Clubs under the 1933 Organisation, and a great success

Left: Baroness Christa Bodenhausen and Lord Donegall at the "Battle of Flowers" Ball at the Dorchester. The Baroness was presented at Court last week by Mme. Regis de Oliveira. She is a good pilot and an even better linguist, being at home in the talk of five countries

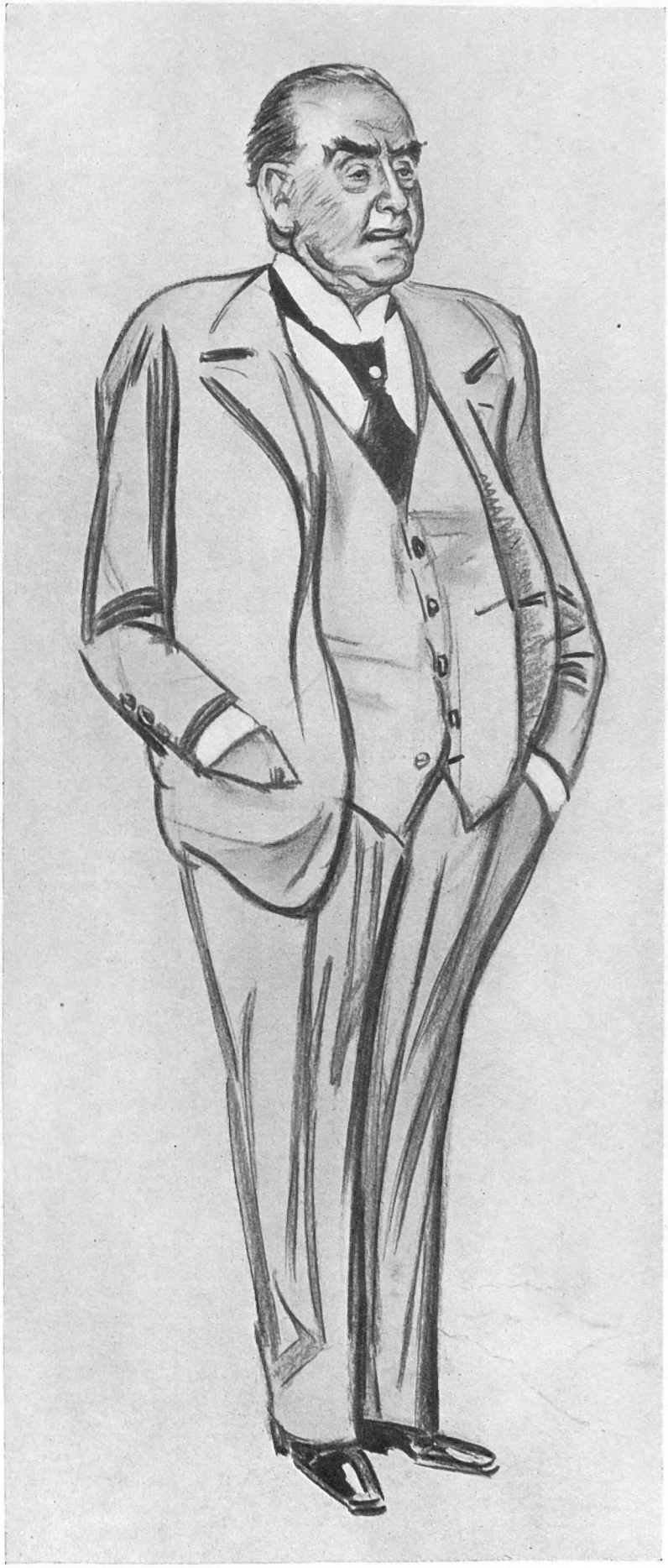
Below: four of the first-nighters who went to see the Keith Winter comedy, "Worse Things Happen at Sea." On the left are Lady Lathom and Sir Neville Pearson, and on the right Mr. and Lady Anne Hunloke in the stalls

Swaebe

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT

A photograph from Jamaica of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, where they were guests of the Governor, Sir Edward Brandis Denham, at King's House. This was before their visit to Nassau last week, when they met President Roosevelt, holiday-making on the Vincent Astors' yacht, and had lunch on board with him and his host and hostess. They are due back in England in twelve days' time

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO



No. 96

Lord Wakefield

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THE godfather of Speed (as he would probably prefer not to be called) would be the first to admit that he owes a great deal to his unusual second name. This is Cheers. Just like that. Add to this the advice that R. L. Stevenson gave its owner as a young man—" the best kind of success is to radiate happiness "—and you cannot wonder at his being a most pertinacious philanthropist. Dickensian now in his appearance, he still lives an energetic life, the fullness of which is only disguised by his benignity. " We live a day at a time," is a favourite remark, though nothing is said about the speed at which the living may be timed.

UNRUFFLED, approachable, genial and shrewd, he has learnt the prime secret of big business—how to choose men and then delegate authority to them. Lord Wakefield is the greatest living exponent of the sensible idea that if you buy a dog you needn't bark for him. Yet there are other rich men who like to bite the postman as well. Born in Cheshire and educated in Liverpool, he has always liked the civic life. Sheriff of the City of London just a quarter of a century ago, he is still an Alderman, and takes his duties very seriously. The baldest list of his charitable activities would fill all the space at my disposal. President of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem, President of the Tower Hill Improvement, and Senior Treasurer of the National Children's Home and Orphanage, he is also past-President of the Dickens Fellowship, Vice-President of the Royal Aero Club, and President of the Lancashire Aero Club.

AS Lord Mayor of London in 1915-16, he visited the Western Front and the Grand Fleet. It was during his tenure of office that the War Savings movement started at a Mansion House meeting. He has a lovely place at Hythe, though he lives mostly in two converted cottages on the estate, with a magnificent view of the English Channel and a private entry to the golf-course. But he does not play much now, preferring the links for walks and thinking things out. For he has no all-absorbing hobby, despite his interest in aviation. He prefers dining out or reading Dickens, Emerson, and Ruskin, his interest in " new thought " preventing him from being superstitious, despite his lucky number seven. Sometimes he goes to the pictures, but is not at all inclined to excessive speed in travel; his interest in speed being entirely actuated by his desire to promote the development of mechanical design.

Altogether, Lord Wakefield is a very intriguing character. He has contributed more than almost anyone to the quickness of modern life, and yet he sits in his office, benevolent and pink-cheeked, the public's ideal of the slow-paced, dignified City Father. Yes, a very deceptively youthful old gentleman, my Lord Wakefield.

A Good Time (we hope) Was Had By All: The

Our Mr. Whelpton, being otherwise engaged, was a mere spectator

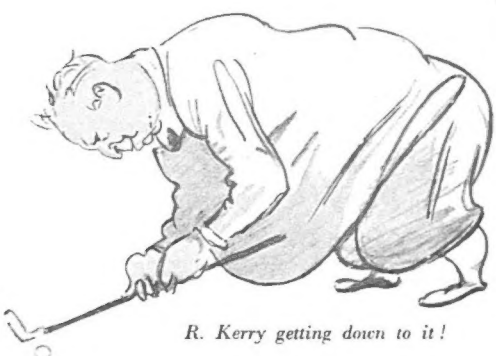
Supply and Demand

John Morgan and "Quack" Durnford

Bracewell Smith—but does he?

Left: All square: Tony Moritz

"Boxer" Cannon ditched at the fifth



R. Kerry getting down to it!

R. W. Usher: "Would you care to exchange?" George Hewetson: "Yes; I'm a stockbroker too"

Left: R. Burbidge battles with the elements

Above: E. A. S. Alexander hits a long one

"Bystander" Golf Meeting at Felixstowe: By H. H. Harris

R. Cunningham making whoopee

So the Good Fairies Waved Their Pretty Wands and Flew Away

W. R. Jarvis, the King's trainer *Frank Gentle* *"Bollinger" Dalmeyer*

G. D. Roberts in Trouble

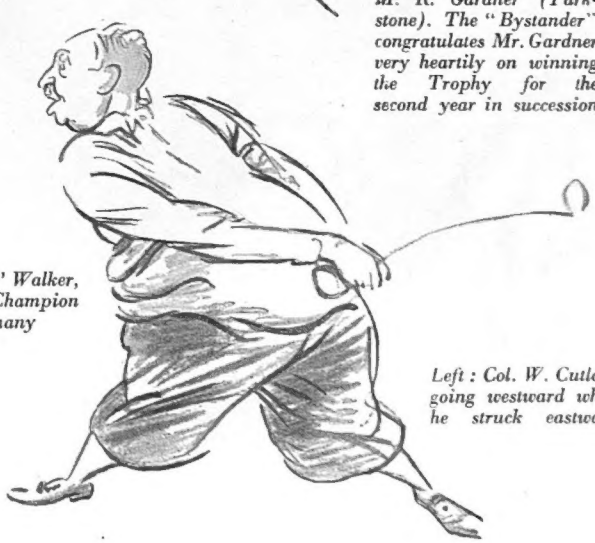
"Mr. Roberts, Sir, Mr. Morrison says can you get out with this, Sir"

The Runner-up, Sir Basil Eddis

The Holder and Winner: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone). The "Bystander" congratulates Mr. Gardner very heartily on winning the Trophy for the second year in succession

Left: Hedley Leek trying to get the Garratt flick

Left: "Josh" Walker, a former Champion of Germany



Left: Col. W. Cutlack going westward when he struck eastward

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Priestley Office

To be or not to be? That is indeed the question for Cornelius (Ralph Richardson) when he finds his business bankrupt, his partner dead, and his attentions spurned by his new typist

"Cornelius" (Duchess Theatre)

THERE can be no doubt that J. B. Priestley has, in *Cornelius*, written a better play than was *Eden End*, its predecessor at the Duchess Theatre, and I compare them, not because they were born under the same roof and had the same father, but for the reason that they are of the same genre, in that Mr. Priestley in both instances seeks for dramatic effect—and gets it—in the depicting of character and incident rather than by relying on a plot. Where *Cornelius* betters *Eden End* is in the technical skill with which these incidents are portrayed by a collection of characters obviously belonging to life rather than to the stage.

If one only heard that this play dealt with the fortunes—or, rather, misfortunes—of two partners in a firm of aluminium merchants who, after many years of success, lose their livelihood because of the present economic conditions; that a meeting of creditors and the suicide of one of the partners is the result; that there is no love-interest to speak of, and that all the action takes place in an office, you might be excused from thinking that *Cornelius* is dull and depressing, and that, compared with this play, the works of Tchehov are one long, hearty laugh.

But you would be wrong. *Cornelius* is far from being a depressing play. There's any amount of amusement, as well as interest, to be found in it. Had *Cornelius* been written in the Russian manner, all the characters would have wrung their hands and discussed the failure to such an extent that they would have had no time to look for another job of work. Much of the interest in Mr. Priestley's play lies in the reactions of the employees to the firm's failure, and their pluck and determination to make the best of things. The surviving partner, whose fellow-director was plainly non compos when he shot himself, shows similar resilience. It is true that he also contemplates suicide, but like the invalid in Kipling's least-known story, *The Legs of Sister Ursula*, he is stopped from doing so by finding the world much too interesting to leave.

RALPH RICHARDSON makes a human and likeable figure of Cornelius, and if his part stands out, it is only by reason of its length, for Muriel George, an office-cleaner, Tom Gill, an office-boy, Ann Wilton, a secretary, and James Harcourt, as an old employee, are an exceptionally lifelike quartette. Harcourt Williams displays madness with artistic restraint; and Victoria Hopper imparts the correct modern note to a young typist. All the others in a longish cast pull their weight, and Basil Dean's production is full of most effective detail.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Those two "old faithfuls," Biddle (James Harcourt) and Miss Porrin (Ann Wilton), think up a few funny stories, in the hope they will amuse the creditors

Sketches by Rouson

Above: Bob Murrison (Harcourt Williams), an importer who lost his business, his mind, and his life, and in that order

The new typist, Miss Judy Evison (Victoria Hopper), arrives to take the place of her sister

JUSTICE UNROBED:

Our Judges at Home

No. 3. Lord Macmillan

Next Week: Lord Thankerton

LORD MACMILLAN, typical Scot, "son of the manse," Edinburgh University, Scots lawyer. As a youth of thirty-nine he took silk and the train to London. In less than no time he was picking up the big briefs before the House of Lords, the Privy Council, the Railway and Canal Commission, and the Parliamentary private bills committees. Party politics do not interest him much. In 1923, the first Labour Government found themselves without a Scots lawyer in the House. They applied to the versatile Hugh Macmillan, who consented to serve as Lord Advocate, on the strict understanding that he had nothing to do with the Government's politics or policy. He went to the Upper House as a Lord of Appeal without having sat as a trial judge. As a man-of-all-work he has no superior. If anything has to be inquired into, he is the man; and in the course of his life he has enquired into Finance, Income Tax legislation, Canadian banking, Street Offences, Lunatics, and divers other matters. When not busily engaged enquiring into things for other people, Lord Macmillan finds relaxation in reading belles-lettres, history and biography, walking and country life, which is why he likes to spend working days in London and week-ends in the country. Lord Macmillan reckons the Lord Advocate v. the Marquis of Zetland, in the House of Lords, as his most interesting case from the purely legal point of view; the Labrador Boundary Dispute, in the Privy Council, from the public point of view, and from the general angle, the promotion of the Railway Companies' Bills for Road Powers before Parliament. If you enjoy pawky Scottish stories, invite him to dinner, place Lord Thankerton opposite to him, and you may be sure of an amusing evening. Macmillan's twinkle is worth the money.

Listen...

IN honour of the return to England of the Ranee of Sarawak and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brooke, saxophones played more loudly than usual, trumpets blared with even more than their customary insistence, while the plaintive wail of the violins brought tears to the eyes of even the most hard-boiled of us; the drummers beat their instruments with frenzied zeal. It was a magnificent welcome to two charming and popular ladies.

•

IN bygone days mutual adoration was considered the basis of a successful marriage; nowadays it is considered adequate grounds for a separation. "We just loved one another too much" is the reason given these days by couples seeking to untie the marriage knot.

•

ALWAYS poking his nose in where he isn't wanted, the Editor sent us girls round last week to interview a number of persons who are seeking divorce in the immediate future, and, quite frankly, we were tickled to death at the idea, expecting to hear blood-curdling stories of wife-beaters, to be taken upstairs and shown colossal bruises, to hear fearful stories of perpetual drunkenness, of shames in front of the servants, of misbehavings with ruthless blondes; in fact, all the usual gamut of offences which we old-fashioned little things had, from our Edwardian upbringing, considered grounds for divorce.

•

IN the words of one of our naughtiest girl friends, "We couldn't have been more wrong." We were always met with the same story, "We couldn't like one another better." Misbehaviour was but once alluded to, and then only in the nicest possible way, by a little Mrs. Ramsbotham, who did hope that Herbert, bless him, had gone down to the seaside last week-end and behaved like a gentleman, as Oswald (whom we took to be her fiancé) was getting so impatient.

•

INSOBRIETY also was alluded to on only one occasion, by a Lady Twister (you know, little Monty Twister's wife) who, with tears streaming down her face and her cheeks stained with eye-black, told us at great length of the lovely "blinds" she and her husband used to have, concluding with the remark that "Monty was never such fun as when tiddley as an owl."

THE men also told the same story, and when we asked that shocking old Sir Jacob Plaster if Lady Plaster, whom he is divorcing, had been unfaithful to him, he replied: "My dear young ladies, Gertie's a grand old girl and goes as well as she did twenty years ago, but would any man who hadn't got to—well, I ask you?" We were forced to agree with Sir Jacob that we thought it improbable.

•

UNLESS all these people were pulling our legs, couples have come to regard happiness as something unnatural in marriage which must be put a stop to at once. SHE: "George, we're far too fond of one another." HE: "Quite right, dear. I will set you free right away."

•

BY the new standards, for a marriage to be a success the couple should only be seen in public together once a year—in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. They should bow to one another in restaurants and refrain from making offensive remarks in each other's hearing; she should have at least four boy friends, and he should spend all his time and all his money on a ghastly American chorus girl with the mentality of a scullery maid and a voice like a blunt saw cutting tough wood.

•

ALTHOUGH we girls know a thing or two, and were once taken out to dinner and talked to by a young politician, we do not pretend to have any inside dope on what goes on at Westminster. We have it, though, on the best authority, that in the near future the laws will be changed, and if you can prove that HE plays polo, or that SHE writes poetry, and that you're both crazy about one another, the Judge will set you free at once.

•

THE worst offence a person can commit is to bust up a happy home, and then run out on it when something better comes along.

•

A RUMOUR is associated with a very lovely person, but we don't believe it for a moment, as we have always thought her a darling, and, anyhow, she seems to be behaving like a Duchess at the moment, which is more than can be said for her rival.

•

IT'S just too bad that the Earl and Countess find their list of visits do not coincide, and that she is out of England in the spring time, when all the birds are flying back from foreign climes.

•

IN response to several million enquiries, we have much pleasure in informing you that the following have no connection with "Listen," and have at no time written one paragraph on this page: "Bunny" Tattersall, Quinny Gilbey, Charles Graves, Don Bradman, Ishbel, Megan, Steve Donoghue, or Dean Inge, whose return to journalism has done so much to bring brightness into so many otherwise drab homes.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 18

Lady Charles Cavendish

Lenare

FROM the moment when, in company with brother Fred, she took London by storm in *Stop Flirting*, Adèle Astaire, as she was prior to her marriage to the Duke of Devonshire's son, has never been out of the popular limelight. In her theatrical days, "Delly," as she is known to all her friends, was regarded as the best trouper who ever danced her way to Broadway, and as a wife she is recognised on the same high plain. Although she often sighs for her adored and adoring brother, Fred, Adèle is very contented with her choice, and is never so happy as when helping to manage her husband's lovely Irish estate, Lismore. Since marriage Adèle has become a very proficient fisherman and she adores the outdoor life, though, on her visits to London, she shows that she has not forgotten how to enjoy a party. Her friends are legion; her closest friend, perhaps, being Tilly Losch. To be able to say that Charlie and Adèle are coming to your party is tantamount to saying that it will be a success, as we have never known a dull evening when they are around. Whereas when some women mention the leg of a table you feel like blushing, Adèle can say anything that comes into her head, and even the most puritanical laugh with her. A grand woman.

Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry

Sketched at a cocktail-party given by Lady Warrender, wearing a brown velvet "wreath" hat on the back of her head. She is Brig.-General Noel Lowry-Corry's younger daughter, and sister of Mrs. Arthur Paget

Right: Beatrice Grosvenor is the chairman of the Debutantes' Ball junior committee. She is Lady Dorothy Charteris's elder daughter, and sister of debutante Rosemary Grosvenor

Miss Beatrice Grosvenor

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mr. Terence Weldon and Lady Bridget Poulett

Were at the Embassy for supper after a film première they went to together. Lady Bridget Poulett has changed her hair-dressing style slightly, and the new effect needed a certain amount of study in the mirror

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton was having dinner with Mr. St. John Hutchinson when this picture was made. Mr. Hutchinson is one of the newest lot of K.C.s

"Sadie Thompson"

Tallulah Bankhead in the New York Revival of *Rain*

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

TALLULAH BANKHEAD has had a great success in the revival on Broadway of the play based on Somerset Maugham's novel, *Rain*. Sadie Thompson's part gave her a fine acting opportunity, and she took it with both hands. Over there she was following in the steps of the late Jeanne Eagels, who created the part in America. In England Olga Lindo first played Sadie in 1925. Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford have been seen in the silent and talkie films of the same story

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

NESTLING coyly among the turbines and condensers and switchgear of an engineering journal the other day was a new poem by Mr. Kipling called "Hymn of Breaking Strain," which a dull but dignified engineer of our acquaintance passed on to us, intimating that he couldn't make much of it, except that Mr. Kipling seemed to be grizzling about the Universe.

We read the poem with care. It belongs to the Constructional Engineering period of Kipling's verse, and has a second stanza containing some rather weak grousing, entirely unwarranted by the facts—

But in our daily dealing
With stone and steel, we find
The Gods have no such feeling
Of justice toward mankind.
To no set gauge they make us,
For no laid course prepare,
And presently o'ertake us
With loads we cannot bear:
Too merciless to bear!

Which is, to coin a word, such pagan poohbah that we were relieved to find the poet pulling himself together towards the end and admitting a salutary moral, already expressed in "If." If this hymn is the result of contact with girders and rivets and tie-bars, we are pretty far from the spirit of the old, swaggering days when elect and hairy Scots sea-engineers, on their knees in a quasi-religious fervour before masses of whirling metal, found Calvin in coupler-flanges and predestination in connecting-rods.

We were never much able to join the poet of Empire in some of his peculiar devotions, possibly because we have always connected the naïve worship of machinery and all big, noisy things with very simple-minded fuzzy black persons in remotest Africa, covered with brasswork and grease and smelling like the devil. (We gave up adoring H. G. Wells the day after the poet Yeats compared his mind to a sewing-machine.) However, don't think we're belittling this hymn. Its metre is impressively liturgical, and it seems to us an ideal poem for busy or tired engineers, which is more than can be said for "The Hound of Heaven."

Faux Pas

ONE of the gossip boys printed a piquant little piece the other day about the late Utrillo, the artist, telling how Utrillo used to get mad drunk night after night and fight with the police in Montmartre, and sleep in the gutter, and so forth. Next day he printed a modest little note saying that, contrary to expectation, the late Utrillo wasn't dead, but is still painting away tranquilly somewhere in the French provinces. This illustrates (among other things) the fallacy of the old bromide, "De mortuis." You shouldn't print really amusing stories about a man till he's dead.

To do them justice, it's pretty rare for the Press boys to be caught out like this, though occasionally their fatal addiction to hot-cha stories at any price earns its just reward. The most diverting example we can remember were some gorgeously-coloured revelations of the orgies of an aged foreign Cardinal which appeared in a London daily a year or two after the war, reading like a purple page from Suetonius. Unfortunately, the aged Cardinal happened, not only to be a blameless ascetic, but to be represented by hard-faced lawyers in London, and the apology which appeared next day was even more diverting than the original story. Some farceur had sold it to them, and—since Fleet Street, in its simple, boyish way, naturally connects cardinals with orgies — they had swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker.

We didn't half titter when our man read it to us over our morning chocolate, which we drink out of chased gold cups presented to us by the late Sultan of Turkey for saving his wives from worse than death.

"I will tell m' Lady you dropped in, Sir"

Is it Cricket?

OUR recent proposition that instead of having flowers thrown by debutantes, as will happen at a ball at the Dorchester in June, the debutantes themselves should be thrown at the guests, doesn't appeal to a member of New York's Four Hundred, at present in London. He tells us it was tried once at a fashionable rout in New York, and a lot of guests threw the debutantes back. Didn't want 'em. This annoyed a Mrs. Nero P. Fibblehammer (to coin a word), who had paid a large sum to have her daughter Dinty aimed at a Vanderbilt. When Dinty came swishing back over everybody's heads,

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 25.—Ben Travers

IF your heart is lost to Chekhov,
Or if Ibsen, of all men,
Can delight you with his thunder,
You may not be keen on Ben,
For our Mr. Travers never
Writes of tortured souls who go
To inter their inhibitions
'Neath the frozen Russian snow.

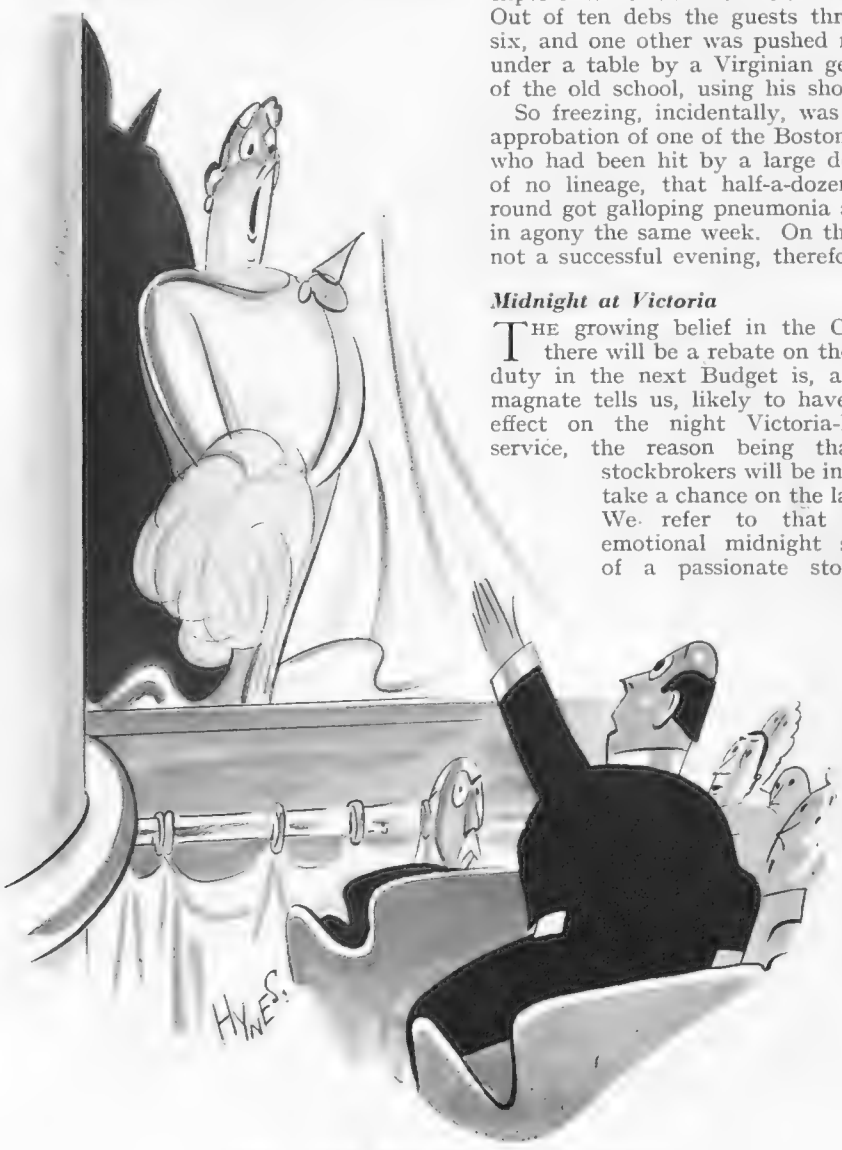
If you 're fond of situations
That are not devoid of spice,
And can laugh at rude old roués
Who are naughtier than nice;
If you smile at artless chatter
That lets double entente in,
You 'll enjoy his farces à la
Mode of Ralph (but not East) Lynn.

There is so much to depress us
In the world we know to-day,
That a man who can amuse us
With bright humour earns his pay.
With Aldwychery he cheers us
In this vale of woe and strife,
And drives all our cares away with
His Ben Trave(r)sties of life. B. W.

"Excuse me, he's sitting on Champion Crusader of Chesselwick"

Mrs. Fibblehammer was furious, and left at once to consult her lawyers. The debs were thrown by experts from the New York Subway, used to throwing ordinary working-girls up to sixteen stone into express trains at a distance of twelve feet. Out of ten debs the guests threw back six, and one other was pushed modestly under a table by a Virginian gentleman of the old school, using his shoe.

So freezing, incidentally, was the disapprobation of one of the Boston Cabots, who had been hit by a large debutante of no lineage, that half-a-dozen people round got galloping pneumonia and died in agony the same week. On the whole, not a successful evening, therefore.



"Oh, I love that song. Don't sing it"

Midnight at Victoria

THE growing belief in the City that there will be a rebate on the whisky duty in the next Budget is, a railway magnate tells us, likely to have a good effect on the night Victoria-Brighton service, the reason being that more stockbrokers will be inclined to take a chance on the last train. We refer to that familiar emotional midnight spectacle of a passionate stockbroker pleading hoarsely with a blonde, a spectacle ending—how often !—as the whistle blows, with a stockbroker flinging himself bitterly into a Pullman seat and calling in a hollow voice for a treble Scotch, haggard and alone. With whisky likely to be reduced in price, more members of the Stock Exchange, and business men generally, this authority thinks, will be considering the risk of refusal by blondes worth while.

We wouldn't know anything about this, our quiet and studious life having been chiefly spent far from spheres in which gilded and cynical affluence exploits the innocence and trust of blue-eyed theatrical girlhood. But it 's an interesting theory, and we pass it on for what it 's worth.

Salute to "Prinny"

THE delicious—nay, entrancing—book on Brighton just published by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton sets our old hero, the Prince Regent—"Prinny," to his friends—in a better light than he usually gets. Most people see "Prinny" through Thackeray's spectacles, as a fat cad. Thackeray took the virtuous British middle-class attitude. There was certainly much more to "Prinny" than a lot of chins, fancy costumes, and mistresses. He had charm and breeding; he was often kind; he was generous; he encouraged Art; and we 're glad somebody has spoken up for him.

One thing which particularly endears "Prinny" to us, and you can take it or leave it, is that in later life he was under the firm impression that he won the battle of Waterloo at the head of the British Army. He got this impression probably through wearing so many gorgeous military uniforms. Disraeli records another explanation in *Lothair*. "His friends were at one time a little alarmed; but Knighton, who was a sensible man, said, 'His Majesty has only to leave off curaçoa, and rest assured he will gain no more victories.'" Curaçoa

or not, we think it is a charming trait, and infinitely more excusable in " Prinny " than in those chump-headed modern Big Business men who go stamping about thinking they are Napoleon.

We once knew a little magnate who had the Napoleon-fixation. Among his more tiresome tricks was that of fixing one with a level, searching glance—the keen glance of the Master Mind, swiftly, implacably judging and dismissing his man. Once, as he was doing this trick at a party of his satellites and yes-men, a bored show-girl kicked him in the trousers, which seemed an adequate comment.

Botany Hour

At a dinner-party the other night we met a very languid young gentleman wearing a little Renaissance beard to which he was obviously unsuited. He told us he wore it to express himself, which made us sorry, for we soon perceived that he had little, or nothing, to express. A fringe of lace would have done just as well.

Most people wearing beards about town nowadays do it for sternly practical reasons. C. E. M. Joad, for example, could not do all that advanced thinking without his beard. If it were removed, he might see one or two things directly under his nose, no doubt, but nothing to interest the average publisher. D. H. Lawrence's rather weak little beard, Elsie Fanshawe, helped him in his struggles with sex, and won him a lot of pity from feverish girls, whether slapped by him or not. Clifford Bax's beard undoubtedly inspired that charming play, *The Rose Without a Thorn*, and but for Peter Godfrey's, there would be little or no Gate Theatre, they say. Maynard Greville's Tudor beard, Alcofribas, gets him a lot of fawning acquiescence from the motor trade, and is always mentioned as an asset in the annual report and balance-sheet of the British Rose-Growers' Association.

The sacred red beard of Augustus John, so justly feared by the Royal Academy, has the mystic power of turning oil into gold, and the beard of G. Bernard Shaw can often do the same for tripe. This shows that beards should be grown nowadays not for pleasure, but profit.

" If we can't do it here, boys, we can't do it at the Working Men's Club "

" But if you buy a car you must put more than just water in it "

Sermon in Marble

Staggering, as we are, on the verge of another and worse world war, Sir Walter Gilbey's most recent revelations about riders in the Park add not a little to our increasing despair. " Some even show their bare legs," said Sir Walter this time, " and I have actually seen youths riding in golf stockings."

Just as some thinkers trace a number of our present social and economic ills back to the maleficent influence of the East on the Crusaders, so do we trace this evil business of bare legs in the Park back to a member of the peerage whose horsemanship may have been impeccable, but whose riding costume set a pretty desperate example. We refer to Lady Godiva. A still worse example was set some time later by the actress Adah Isaacs Mencken, in *Mazeppa*. What self-respecting pupil of Mr. Smith's riding-school would allow herself to be bound (recumbent) to a horse once nightly, naked, and face upwards ?

These two girls should (if forthcoming war conditions permit) each have a statue, one at each end of the Row, and once every year Sir Walter Gilbey should ritually dress them in correct riding-habits, beautifully cut, amid the plaudits of the mob. That would show foreigners we will have no trifling with ideals.

The Bystanders.

"After Office Hours"—A Clark Gable—Constance Bennett Team-Up

A murder on Long Island, a New York editor who ferrets out a scandal and the murderer, and a lovely "socialite" who turns Society reporter—those are the ingredients of the film at the Empire this week. In the photograph above are Stuart Erwin as a goofy press photographer, Harvey Stephens, the villain, who has just been knocked out by hero-editor Clark Gable, with Constance Bennett as the smart young woman who falls for the editor—in the end

• FILMS of the DAY

"Said the Ant to the Elephant . . ."

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"CLIVE OF INDIA" is the big film among recent presentations: an epic of Empire-building by Hollywood contractors which makes it clear that America expects every man to do his duty. And Ronald Colman responds nobly to the call, sacrifices his moustache and his "fan" mannerisms, and takes himself and Clive seriously—so seriously, that a complete lack of humour invades and pervades the film, which may account for the fact that, in spite of spectacle and excitement, one is conscious of its length.

The director has luxuriated in the making of this eighteenth-century Indian pageant, and the clothes and settings are really lovely. Present-day conditions in India have been so much in the public eye, that it is timely and interesting to be reminded of some of the circumstances of the inauguration of British rule. Clive is depicted as ruthless, and not over-scrupulous, as he probably was, and his subordination of his love for his sweet and sorely-tried wife to his schemes for aggrandisement of himself and his country is not without psychological verisimilitude and historical precedence.

The thrills include the Black Hole of Calcutta, done with a nice sense of the horrible, and the Battle of Plassey, complete with armoured elephants. But perhaps the most impressive scene, certainly the one in which Ronald Colman scores highest marks, is that in which Clive faces Parliament to answer the charges brought against him by his enemies. Here he brings a sincere and carefully characterised performance to a dignified and really moving climax.

Loretta Young brings all her tenderness and all her loveliness to the part of Margaret Clive, and if there is no more, it is possible that Clive's wife, living in the shadow of the great man (even when cast from afar), missed the sunlight which colours personality, as the sun brings colour to the petals of flowers.

Among a number of well-acted parts, Francis Lister stands out in the difficult and thankless rôle of the faithful brother-in-law. He has the knack of seeming appropriate to any century. In the lounge of a modern night-club, in a Hackett play, at the Court of Richard of Bordeaux he was equally of his world, and in *Clive of India* he strikes one as having a real eighteenth-century face!

One of my colleagues suggested to me that since this film is really a "private life," it should have been made in England, even if we had had to do without the elephants!

IN comparison, other films seen immediately afterwards seem of very small dimensions, but even ants have their interest and, at times, their claim to priority! It may be that some people may find more enjoyment in watching that serene, simple, and rather sentimental picture, *Anne of Green Gables*.

It is quiet American "home town" stuff. But, for once, Hollywood is dealing with authentic, native material which it really understands, and the very ingenuousness of the picture is a virtue.

Anne Shirley, who has refreshing spontaneity and vivacity, plays the orphan who is adopted by a middle-aged farmer and his sister. They wanted and expected a boy, but Anne's sex does not preclude a certain liveliness. She is garrulous and imaginative, and she does not take kindly to discipline. This is a picture dependent on incident as opposed to accident, and on the charm of its rural scenes and characters. O. P. Heggie plays the farmer, Matthew Cuthbert, with tremendous skill, charm, and insight, and Helen Westley, as his sister, is almost equally good.

AGAIN the rural scene, in *Vanessa*, an adaptation of Hugh Walpole's novel, but without the appeal of veracity, for the supposed Cumberland lake-scenery is all too obviously a Hollywood cañon, the accents American or Scottish, and the frequent interpolation of the "John Peel" melody is the vainest attempt to provide atmosphere—in fact, it is apt to provoke laughter.

Robert Montgomery is the scapegrace Benjie Herries, loved by Vanessa (Helen Hayes). But she marries the mad Ellis, played by Otto Kruger. May Robson is the hundred-year-old grandmother, a crotchety crone, a type tiresomely familiar on stage and screen. Again I must quote someone else's comment, because I cannot think of a better one of my own: "The lovers meet and part again so often that one ends by not caring a damn whether they do or don't. They do, of course."

Beautiful and Intelligent

Three Debutantes Who Made March Curtsies

Dorothy Wilding

Above: **Caroline de Bourg**

Below: **Christian Howard**

Bassano

Basil Shackleton

Mary Leigh

Mary Leigh is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, and was presented by her mother on March 29th. Mrs. Leigh was Helen Goudy, daughter of the late William Goudy, of Chicago; she was presented at the last Court held by King Edward and Queen Alexandra in March 1910, and was one of the beauties of that year. The Gerard Leighs have a house in Grosvenor Street

Above, left: Caroline de Bourg is the daughter of M. Walter de Bourg, one of the First Secretaries at the Swiss Legation; Mme. Paravicini presented her at the First Court. She has studied at Berlin University and in Paris, where she has been taking courses at the Sorbonne and the School of Political Science, and has only lately returned to England

Left: Christian Howard is the elder daughter of the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, and a first cousin of the Earl of Carlisle; she will be nineteen this year. Her mother, who died three years ago, was a daughter of the late Lord Methuen. She was presented at the Second Court; her father, who owns Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, is giving a dance for her on May 23rd, in Hyde Park Square

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Lord and Lady Glenconner

Above: Lord Glenconner and his bride, Elizabeth Powell, leaving the Caxton Hall Register Office after their marriage. Lady Glenconner is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel George Powell, M.P., and Mrs. Powell

Right: Lord and Lady Hampden's third daughter playing for the Gold Challenge Cup in the Ladies' Open Meeting at Roehampton. The same day her engagement was announced to Cecil Lomax, son of the late J. C. Lomax, and Mrs. Lomax, of 29a, Chapel Street, S.W.1. Mr. Lomax used to be in the 9th Lancers

The Hon. Elizabeth Brand

Lord Howard de Walden in Bermuda

Lord Howard de Walden and two of his daughters have been seeing the sun in Bermuda. The daughters are the Hon. Margaret Scott-Ellis, who is sixteen this year, and the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis, who is three years older

THIS is the time of the year when racing experts select their lists of "horses to follow." Before doing so, they invariably get some inside information, or, as they say in racing parlance, "get their cards marked." This I have been able to do in a slight degree with regard to this year's debutantes, and can foresee a bright debutanteship for Lady Isobel Manners. This does not mean that she will flick off nightly to the Florida after her first fortnight of bals blancs—justly considered a reprehensible habit by those who do not have to attend these dances. Nor does it mean that she will attempt to rival in publicity the stars of the Whigham-Poulett-Bingham era, which rather fizzled out, like an anæmic rocket. Miss Suzanne Du Boulay has the advantage of a witty and sister-like mother, and Miss Rosamund Broughton is another whom I hear has trained on nicely, after her finishing gallops at Munich. Have savers, too, on Miss Eileen Rhodes, Miss Jacqueline Swinnerton-Dyer, and Miss Felicity Bailey.

TAUBER sang very beautifully at the Albert Hall (he managed to fill it even on a sunny Sunday), and later in the week sang at Lady Cory's musical party, where were assembled all the corps diplomatique, discussing the situation in Berlin. After all, one would hardly expect them to be talking about the head in the canal, or that torso which is occupying so much public attention. Ivor Newton was the accompanist to Tauber, as he was the next night to Kunenkampff, at the German Embassy. Weingartner conducted a resurrected "unfinished" Schubert symphony at the Queen's Hall at a B.B.C. concert, where were to be seen Lady Oxford and Lord Ivor Churchill. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted at the Bournemouth Festival, and was not so pleased with that orchestra's performance of the Beethoven Seventh Symphony as he would have been with that of the London Philharmonic; but it seemed rather unjust to have pointed it out so strongly to them.

AN engagement which we note is that of Mr. Donald Fuller to Miss Ruth Garrard, one of the Garrard twins, whose father, Major Harry Garrard, is one of the youngest doyens of the West End. The twins are not easy to tell apart; let us hope Mr. Fuller is certain which of the two he intends to marry, as on one or two previous occasions there have been mistakes at the altar where twins have been concerned. Miss Pam Garrard has been assisting the Maharanee of Cooch Behar to shoot tigers in India.

THE new Keith Winter play at the St. James's Theatre does not have a very satisfactory ending, but it is quite amusing, and introduces us to an attractive South African, Ena Burrill; rumour says that she is an heiress, but, apart from that, she is a good actress. Hugh Walpole, whose sinister "Old Ladies" start their malignant chuckling this week, watched Frank Lawton in a very different rôle to that of David Copperfield, which Walpole had adapted. Mr. Mark Ostrer had a box, Mme. Schiaparelli was escorted by a distinguished-looking foreigner with iron-grey hair, and Mr. John Buckmaster had a pretty companion, as usual.

HIS father, "Buck," has given tongue from the South African veldt, where, with his friend, Jack Otto, he has been leading a sort of "back-to-the-land" life. I am sure that "Buck" is a good ambassador; he was sorry to hear of a certain hunting couple who, in a hotel out there, tore the blankets off their beds and cleaned their boots with them.

An Apology

ON page H of our last week's issue we published a photograph described as being "At the Dorchester for new Hollywood Follies Show." We regret that we described one of the ladies in the group as being "Mrs. Charles Oppenheim (Merial Dalrymple-White that was)." Mr. Charles Oppenheim is not married, but is engaged to Miss Merial Dalrymple-White, who is at present abroad. We tender our most sincere apology to Mr. Charles Oppenheim and Miss Merial Dalrymple-White for the mistake that has been made and for the pain and annoyance which has been caused by this unfortunate error.

Swaebe

Three Pagets and Three Dogs

Above is Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget (Winifred Paget that was) with her cousins, Mamaine and Celia-Mary Paget, at her parents' Roehampton home, Ibstock Place. Mrs. J. B. Paget presented her twin nieces at the Second Court

Bassano

Joan Anette Tuck

The first 1935 debutante (as far as we know) to get engaged. Her fiancé is Hugh Davis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of Beaumont Street, W.1. Her engagement was announced last Friday, the day she was presented at Court by her mother, Lady Tuck. Her father is Major Sir Reginald Tuck, of Free Chase, Warninglid, Sussex

Lord Jellicoe and a Daughter

Left: Lord Jellicoe and his second daughter, Lady Myrtle Balfour, were photographed at the Naval Home Industries Exhibition at Admiralty House last week

Elwin Neame

Louise Rivière

Another debutante who went to Court last week was Louise Rivière, daughter of Mrs. Henry Rivière; her mother presented her on March 28th, and is giving a dance, with Lady Dorothy Peploe, for her and Jane Peploe at the Dorchester on April 10th

TILLY LOSCH and Alanova are both in straight plays—the first in *Everyman*, at the Ambassadors, where she says a few lines and then moves and dances as gracefully as always, and the second is in *Delusion*, at the Comedy. This is written as a straight play, and Ernest Milton increases the length of it with his slow diction; he wears a fur coat which is the exact replica of that worn by Mr. Sidney Beer in the cold weather in Vienna. Miss Olga Lynn (her "linnets" give a concert shortly) and Lady Howe were there to encourage Alanova, who acts well enough for a first attempt.

I DO not know what the Vanderbilt family think of their scion, Cornelius, Jnr's efforts to minimise their social greatness. In his book, *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*, he certainly prods them with a stiletto, and has some very interesting things to say about Sopwith and the America's Cup, American yachting in general, and his cousin Harold Vanderbilt in particular.

SOME of the best play in the matter of games can be seen each year at Queen's Club, in the rackets doubles championship. It is not nearly such a professional game as lawn tennis, and is a fine sight to watch: Cyril Simpson, Nigel Haig, Peter Kemp Welch, Lord Aberdare, Ian Akers-Douglas—all these are experts, but the last-named is assuming the dignified proportions of Lord Tennyson, whom he copies in the matter of short sweaters.

MY latest news of Princess Alexis Mdivani is that she was unable to persuade Mrs. Morley Kennerley to accompany her to Reno, where she would have had to sit for six weeks, waiting for the Princess to divorce the Prince. Mrs. Kennerley has a great sense of humour, which is more than one can say of the Princess, who states that she derives great happiness from rambling alone in woods. I hope the Princess has not been reading too much D. H. Lawrence.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

CAPTAIN JACK DE PRET and Colonel Peter Combe stood talking for some considerable time the other morning on the "side-walk" near Hyde Park Corner, the Captain wisely with his back to a shop, thus dispensing with any secret longing he may have had to enter. Eventually they parted, Captain de Pret's way taking him Kensington-wards, and Colonel Combe looked as if his director's duties might have been calling him Piccadilly-wards. Further on, we should have been pushed gently over by Lady Stanley, in a lovely Rolls-Royce, had we not, in our youth, learnt to look before we leap. A word for the Aberdeen fishwives who have lately been walking about London in shoals, because we feel sure *they* will raise no objection to a mention. Very picturesque they looked, too, gazing with longing eyes into a window of a large fish store.

LORD SLIGO (still, perhaps, better known as "Lump" Altamont) was to be seen dining out the other night, with the *really* lovely Mrs. FitzGerald—the one who is a daughter-in-law of the Knight of Kerry, and who was, before she married, Veronica Villiers, sister of Lady Hill Child. Further round the

Miss Joyce Kingscote

Was at the Grand Military at Sandown, and wore navy blue. She is a debutante, and the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

(continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Fiona Fuller

Above : a sketch of Lady Fiona Fuller at Sandown, looking very neat in her black and grey tweed suit, and a postman's hat with astrakhan crown

Right : Lady Carrick at the Savoy, where she and her husband were in a party with the Prince of Wales. She was wearing white and silver, which was highly becoming to her dark attractiveness

Lady Carrick

room sat Lord Feversham, with Lady Isobel Manners, who is another "lovely," already so well known that she needs no explanation. Mrs. Edward Barron had two boy friends with her, and an equal number of diamond bracelets adorned her wrists. A newly-married couple, just back from their honeymoon, were the Terence Maxwells ; she was Miss Diane Chamberlain, and is most attractive. Gardenias were her choice that night, and what was obviously a wedding present sat on the table in front of her, in the shape of one of those lovely new gold vanity-cases, inlaid with jewels, which hold all running repairs as well as cigarettes. Miss Jeanne Stourton was with them, and was wearing a mass of gold chain bracelets in every size and shape and form, some with coins dangling from them, others with charms, including an acorn and a minute penknife. What they mean, we can't imagine, but feel sure they mean something. Anyhow, we couldn't take our eyes off them as she danced round the floor. Heavy, foreign-looking gold earrings hung from her ears. A Ruthven twin (we daren't say which, but she was fair) was in the same party as Mr. John Drury-Lowe and Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant. Major Venables-Llewellyn and his wife, Lady Delia, were another fairly recently married couple to be seen. She was Lady Delia Hicks Beach.

All the usual normal and eccentric soldiers turned up at Sandown for the Grand Military, and a sailor turned up winner of the Gold Cup, which was a very good performance, in spite of the fact that everybody always says a sailor looks out of place on a horse. Commander Courage showed us that he knows how. A newly-engaged couple we saw were Miss Elizabeth Brand, Lord Hampden's daughter, and Captain Cecil Lomax, who used to be in the 9th Lancers, and who is a brother-in-law of Captain Bobby Abercromby. Lady Warrender and Mr. Harry Brown were together at one moment. Lady Stavordale, in a red check tweed, looked neat on the first day as she stood with her good-looking husband, watching a race. The Comtesse de Pret Roose wore a mink coat, with a small brown hat and eye-veil, with one, and only one, enormous spot on it beside her left eye ; while, beside her, stood Major Carlos Clarke. Lady Cambridge, neatly attired in a brown check tweed, was spotted talking to Mr. Drury-Lowe. Everybody was delighted to see Mrs. Arthur Pilkington up and about again after her series of serious accidents. Captain and Mrs. Teddy Brook, just back from Africa, where they sound to have had a marvellous time fishing, etc., were others who paid frequent visits to the Cavalry Club tent between the races. Smith-Binghams, Philip Dunnes and Quintin Gilbeys were, of course, there, plus a smattering of Ashleys (including his Lordship of that ilk) and Lygons as well.

The San Marco seems an ever-popular place of an evening, both for dinner and later. Lady Massereene, looking even more handsome than usual, if that's possible, was there the other night, with Mr. Cedric Alexander, who is a brother of the Duke of Kent's Equerry, Major Ulick Alexander. Mr. Roland Cubitt and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett were together. She and her husband have just returned from a trip abroad, which is fast becoming an annual affair for them. Mrs. Kellett's sister is that good-looking Mrs. Geoffrey Pease, one of Warwickshire's well-knowns. Quite the loveliest person in the room was Mrs. Charles Graham, who looked divine in midnight-blue chiffon, which suited her fair loveliness to perfection, and which billowed around her feet as she danced round the floor with a partner who certainly knows how to dance.

MRS. PEEPS

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DRAWN BY KERRY LEE

rdships Dictate a Missive, to the Consternation of the Civil Lord

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 1. Madeleine Carroll

Here is the first of a new series of photographs in full colour, specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard. Its lovely subject, Madeleine Carroll (Mrs. Philip Astley in private life), has just finished work in the Gaumont-British film of John Buchan's novel "The Thirty-Nine Steps," with Robert Donat as hero, and Alfred Hitchcock as the director

Sisters - in - Law After the First of May

Two Portraits From Paul Tanqueray's 1935 Exhibition

Lady Pamela Smith

The Hon. Sheila Berry

Lady Pamela Smith and the Hon. Sheila Berry will be sisters-in-law after May 1st, for that is the day Lord Birkenhead and his bride-to-be have chosen for their wedding, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Pamela Smith is Lord Birkenhead's younger sister, and is twenty-one this year. Sheila Berry, who is a year older, is the second of Lord and Lady Camrose's four daughters. Both these two photographs will be shown in Paul Tanqueray's 1935 Exhibition, which opens next week, on April 8th, in Dover Street

The Soldiers' Big Day in the Racing Calendar: Good-

Mrs. de Rougemont is an attractive one whom everyone is always pleased to see; she is with Mr. Frank Stanley Clarke and Mr. John Pope

Captain and Mrs. Guy Mullens were up from Tidworth for the meeting; he is in the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards. She was Joan Maclean before her marriage

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, another of the most decorative of race-goers, is walking back from the paddock with Lord Ashley

Miss Shelagh Irishmen in Chichester, Lord Gillford. They

A Racing Reverie

Flamenco Wins An Easy Lincoln

By "Regular"

THERE 's no getting away from the fact, Uncle Regular ran a ——!! He was fancied by his shrewd trainer, "Chubb" Leach, and his enthusiastic owner backed him each way, but he finished at the tail-end of his field, and, but for the courtesy of one or two jockeys, he might have been last altogether. Thank God we were saved that ignominy.

VARIOUS explanations were put forward for the horse's poor showing, the most ingenuous being that on the way to the post he overheard some rude people discussing his namesake, the journalist, and thinking that the remarks referred to him, became so embarrassed that he hid behind all the other horses.

I AM all against these open winters, as, with all the horses looking like Ascot, winner-finding is next door to an impossibility. Give me every time a hard frost, continuing through February and the early days of March (I shall be abroad at the time), with the result that only about three trainers are able to work their horses. We then go to Lincoln and have the glorious spectacle of only about one fit horse per race, and all the others, irrespective of their sex, looking as if they are expecting a happy event at any minute. Racing under those conditions is a backer's nearest approach to bliss.

FOR many years now, Lincoln has been the medium for us humorists to indulge in some of our wittiest sallies, but this year the Clerk of the Weather did all he could for the Clerk of the Course, by providing real Ascot weather. It would take a good deal more than a fine day to make Lincoln seem like Ascot, but it was really lovely sitting in the sun, ruminating on the number of awful days we 've spent there when the wind has gone straight through us, and we 've only warded off pneumonia by an incredible amount of cherry brandy.

THE Clerk of the Course, too, had not been idle, as he had given the judge's box a coat of paint, and a portion of the rails, too, had received attention. True, the stands and all else were as of yore, and the general effect reminded me of an old and passée woman who had got busy with a lip-stick, and then given up the unequal struggle.

ALTHOUGH the Claytons, Mrs. Beatty, Miss Monica Sheriffe, and the Willoughby de Brokes were present to usher in a new season's flat racing, there were a large number of absentees among the smart set, and the Press photographers hovered round like hungry dogs after a bone, wondering whether it was better to go back to London with a photograph of Herbert Smyth, or none at all.

LINCOLN taught me one thing, and that is that no one is indispensable, and when I tell you that, on the Tuesday, there was no "Porchy," no Portia, no Butt, no Butters, no Lambton, no Ladbroke, no Aga, no Aly, no Darlings, no Mem, and yet the programme was carried out without a hitch—save that the judge once put up the wrong number—you will realise the truth of the statement.

I AM not going into long details about the racing, which was extremely moderate. The Brocklesby, however, was won with extreme ease by Tetrazone, a charming, though small, son of the famous Tetratema and the equally famous Straitlace. One does not expect to see animals of such illustrious parentage parading at Lincoln, but, as I have said before, everyone's animals are more forward in condition than usual this year.

TETRAZONE is owned by Miss Diana Esmond, the charming daughter of one of

Taking a Look at Lincoln

Extreme left: Mrs. Follett and Miss Clayton talking to Captain H. Allison, the starter, between Monday races

Left, centre: Miss M. Lubbock talking to Mr. Adrian Scrope, who is the manager of the Sledmere Stud for his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Sykes

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Beatty and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton were at Lincoln to see the first of the flat-racing season

Looking People at Sandown for the Grand Military

Morrison-Bell has two young attendance—the Hon. Patrick Templemore's eldest son, and Lord are both in the Coldstream Guards

Major and the Hon. Mrs. Heyworth were together. He is in the 1st Royal Dragoons; she is Lord Tweedmouth's elder daughter

Another cavalryman who went racing with an attractive wife (she was formerly Jean Crichton) was Captain Eion Merry, who is in the Blues

Lady Moira Combe, wearing an amusing little glengarry, has Miss Dodo West with her. Her husband used to command the Blues

the pillars of the Turf, both in this country and in France. This is the first time I have had the pleasure, on this page of congratulating her on a victory, but golfing enthusiasts are well acquainted with her.

EASILY the finest performance of the meeting was put up by our one and only Steve, the marvel of the age. On the Monday, his mount collided with a post and gave him a very nasty fall, and he was badly shaken. On the Tuesday morning he was very stiff, and many a man half his age would have been content to take a rest. Not so Steve, and in the last race of the day he rode one of the races of his life to win the Chaplin Plate on Sir Victor Sassoon's Limace. I have seen Steve ride many winners, but I have never seen him ride a stronger finish than this, and he is well on the wrong side of fifty, and a grandfather into the bargain.

As Flamenco romped by the winning-post, lengths ahead of his rivals, in the Lincoln Handicap, we all kicked ourselves for not having gone out for a real good win. After all, he was the class horse of the race, and had he not defeated Colombo, and had he not given Windsor Lad the fright of his life in the Newmarket Stakes?

IT is so easy to "job backwards," but, quite honestly, I would have urged my readers to back him, and also gone out for a good win over him myself, had I not been deterred by stories of the terrible way in which he had comported himself in his home gallops.

THE wise man and woman, I feel sure, never so much as glance at the training reports, and these sage folk had a good win. Home gallops, except, occasionally, in the cases of two-year-olds, are a snare and a delusion. No self-respecting horse is going to exert himself unduly when he realises there is nothing at stake, and no jockey worthy of the name is going to "up with his stick" and ask him a real question.

IT only suffices for us to offer our hearty congratulations to Lord Rosebery and Jack Jarvis, and trust that they ignored Flamenco's apparently feeble displays on the home gallops In conclusion, a word of commendation for their new jockey, E. Smith, who bids fair to be the Gordon Richards of the future; and a word of praise to Harry Wragg, who had ridden him with such skill in the past.

Below: **Sunshine for the First Day's Racing at Aintree**

Mrs. J. D. Player and Mrs. Patrick Dennis, who both know a goodish deal about horses, watched a race together

Lady Irene Clarke and her American husband, Mr. James Clarke, made the expedition from Leicestershire to Liverpool to see the National

Lord and Lady Digby were another couple racing together. Lord Digby is an expert on the horse subject, particularly on hunters

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Buller have been two Cannes visitors. He is a good golfer, and plays a lot out there; he used to be in the Rifle Brigade. Mrs. Buller is the late Lord Cable's elder daughter

Below: Mrs. "Gussie" Miesegaes starts her winter travel-season with winter sports, and ends it with sunning on the Riviera. She was Noel Orr, and came out in London three years ago; her husband is Dutch

Spring Days at Cannes

Where Golf, Polo and Sitting in the Sun Are the Thing

"Mickey" Mosley and Captain W. Griffiths are Nos. 2 and 3 of the Toulston (Yorks) polo team, which has been playing Riviera polo under W. Riley-Smith's captaincy

Francis Ricardo looked contented with the sun and his morning paper. He is Colonel Wilfred Ricardo's son. He has been playing golf for the Villa d'Este team against the Cannes side

More Yorkshire faces in the south of France are those of Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, and her daughter, Betty. The latter is going on to Egypt to stay in Cairo. They were watching Mrs. Harbord's brother, W. Riley-Smith, leading his polo team at Mandelieu

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lawrence are, respectively, American and Canadian; she was Muriel Marston, of Toronto. They have just got back to Europe from India after a visit to the Maharaja of Mysore, where they were in the same shooting-party as various Londoners

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Services and Hospitals

The Up in the Air Force Bomb the Army

The Army were unexpectedly beaten by the Royal Air Force at Twickenham, the score being six points to three in favour of the latter. The picture above shows an R.A.F. player relieving pressure by kicking to touch, and on the right Lieut. G. J. Dean, the Army scrum-half, about to pass on being tackled when attempting to break through

THE rain, which a graceless Britain cursed—or perhaps I should say bemoaned—when it reappeared about ten days ago, really should have been hailed as the sportsman's friend.

Rugby men especially ought to have taken a wetting with good heart. A little more premature warmth without any softening influence from above and somebody would have had to write a thriller entitled *Blood and Sweat*, with a Rugby footballer as the hero-victim. One may now hope that the late Easter matches, the Sevens and, last but not least, the projected Jubilee Tournament, in which the Rugby game has been invited to take a part, will not be a hideous menace to life and limb.

Two recent matches—one before and the other after the great event, the fall of rain—invited this piece of amiable philosophy. First came the Hospitals' Cup Final. Whew! Wirroo and Wow! Next, there was the meeting of the Army and the Royal Air Force at Twickenham. I cannot think of any appropriate onomatopoetic words to sum up that determined struggle. There was, however, plenty of thud, in spite of the rain, and blunder because of it—and under the influence of the thuds!

Many people will hope that the victory of the Air Force was something better than a fluke. A triangle that rings only on two sides is a poor kind of instrument; and besides, if it could ring pleasantly loud on all sides ten years or so ago, it can do so again. Those were great days for Air Force Rugby soon after the war, with W. W. Wakefield and the late R. H. Usher to found a tradition in forward play; but, after a championship in 1923, a triangular tie in '24, and a division of honours with the Army in '25, there have been no more victories over the Navy and only two over the Army. Curiously enough, although the Army have been full of good players in recent years, they have never been so happy as the sailors in dealing with the packs and half-backs of the R.A.F.

Take the latest match, for example. Who would have thought that the same, or much the same, Army pack that lost two of its members and still managed to bottle up the Navy, would be held by an R.A.F. pack who previously had been worn down by the Navy? Kendrew was on the injured list, but there was the reverend and militant V. J. Pike, of Ireland, to take his place One can only imagine that the robust leadership and adroit services of Kendrew in the front row are not easily replaced.

YET I must not be ungenerous to an R.A.F pack who fairly and squarely held their own with heavier opponents by the best of all means, hard and low shoving, with no buckling or silly fancy work in front and no aimless scrimshanking—I beg your pardon: winging—behind. Probably the improvement in pack-work alone explained why, on this occasion, the forwards of the air, if I may be allowed a little poetic licence, stayed the course.

As for their activities outside of the scrummage, they were, in essentials, superior to a vastly more experienced Army pack regarded as a whole. Evidently, C. E. Beamish is a worthy descendant of his famous brother, G. R.—this sounds a bit complicated—and of Wakefield and Usher. Sergeant Bignall, too, is a rare battler, and the comparatively small Leading Aircraftsman Holland one of the fastest and best men in the loose now playing the game. Not only in the loose, but in the open, where nearly all of the present-day "specialists" flounder so badly.

Once Holland supported a breakaway by the stand-off player, G. A. Walker, in a manner that would not have disgraced the great Pillman himself. This is high praise, but, I hope, not unwarranted. Holland and Walker are two players I have watched very carefully in the last two months, and, unless their lack of size proves a fatal handicap—as, in the case of Holland, the forward, I fear it will—there is no saying how far they may go.

Walker still has his faults as a pivot, and he still is liable to take wild kicks under pressure, but his qualities at least were invaluable to his side when pitted against the Service champions. It was not merely that he scored the winning try, though it called for quick thinking and a sharp turn of speed to turn an Army fumble into three points.

The great merit in Walker's play lay in his intelligent anticipation of events, and notably such threatening events as well-placed cross-kicks. Walker covered a keen but not entirely sound defence repeatedly, and now can fairly claim to have won his spurs in biggish football. I say "biggish football," for, to be cryptic, I hope the Trials are yet to come. Let him in the meantime, turn his agile feet and brains to constructive passing and tactical kicking *when on the run*.

The italics are necessary, for, while there are hundreds of good kickers in Great Britain, there is hardly one who can compare with the players from the Dominions when it comes to placing a ball, long or short, while travelling at top speed. And do not let us forget that the All-Blacks will be among us before long.

TO revert to the pre-rain battle between St. Mary's and King's, in the final of the Hospitals' Cup, it gives a professional and more or less blasé spectator the greatest pleasure to raise his hat to the courage and good feeling shown by both teams. It may not have been brilliant Rugby, but it was war—war between sportsmen.

St. Mary's, of course, were favourites, and they won, but they would be the first to admit that fully half of the honours went to the gallant and comparatively humble King's. Over-anxiety to keep an end up, which led to two penalty goals, really cost King's the match. Before these came, they had scored a fine try and nearly dropped a clever goal. That they kept their heads and hearts sufficiently well after the loss of the lead to hold St. Mary's to one try, scored towards the end, was good Rugby, because it implied "guts."

King's had started with a pointless draw with London. They next won the replay with a last-minute try, and then, having improved their team-work almost out of recognition, scored over 20 points in the semi-final with University College. Better luck next year, King's!

Bystanders All

Our £500 Golf Trophy Meeting at Felixstowe Attracts a Big Field

The "Bystander" Flag Takes the Air in Front of the Club-house

Officials

Above: Captain J. Worrall, the club secretary, G. W. Turner, the captain-elect, W. T. B. Block, the present captain, and John Morrison. The "Bystander" once more thanks the Felixstowe Club—officials and staff—for its hospitality and help. Mr. Morrison's powerful article on the meeting is on page 38

Left: the winner, M. R. Gardner, with D. W. Turner, of Aldeburgh. Gardner's feat in winning the Trophy for the second year in succession is a really remarkable effort

Right: R. Burbidge (left) and Paul Stables prepare for battle in the first round of the sixth eight

Frank Gentle (third eight) and his sparring partner, Hedley Leek. Gentle came home in 36 in the medal round

M. R. Gardner Does It Again!

Sir Basil Eddis, on the left, and M. R. Gardner, who got home in an exciting final by 2 and 1. Sir Basil was a semi-finalist at Felixstowe in 1933. The "Bystander" £500 Trophy, which is held for a year, can be seen between the finalists

Colonel W. P. Cutlack, who is High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire. He beat J. H. S. Cannon by 1 up, but fell to W. R. Jarvis, 4—2

W. E. Winstanley, finalist in the sixth eight, J. H. S. Cannon, E. M. P. Knox-Gore, and J. Dalmeyer, beaten by E. A. S. Dalmeyer in the second round of the second eight

W. D. Robinson and V. C. Longstaffe (Aldeburgh). Robinson reached the semi-final of the third eight

Captain G. B. Stevens, who was beaten by the runner-up in the semi-final of the Trophy Eight, and R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

F. Rodenwald and R. L. Kirkwood. The latter won the seventh eight, beating R. Wells by one hole

R. Cunningham and E. A. S. Alexander. Alexander was beaten by Hatje at the twentieth in the final of the second eight

G. D. Roberts and F. E. B. Moritz went out together in the medal round on Saturday morning

J. W. Warren and J. E. Ryan qualified for the seventh and fifth eight respectively

H. Garrett and A. H. Elliot. Garrett won the medal round sweep with a nett score of 74

L. G. Garnett, the International, and Alec Shute (Sunningdale) going to the tenth

B. G. Bearman and J. Morgan, who reached the final of the last eight and then gave C. C. W. Havell a walk-over. A record number—seventy-eight—played in the meeting

S. Child and Bracewell Smith, first-round opponents in the fifth eight. Child won the match by 5 and 4. Bracewell Smith is the Member for Dulwich Division of Camberwell

N. S. Durnford prepared for all sorts of weather and W. Dancy, a victim of W. H. Hatje, the ultimate winner of the second eight. "Quack" Durnford came all the way from Bristol to play

E. St. G. Hewetson, a cheerful first-round loser, and C. W. Roberts, a still more cheerful finalist in the fifth eight. Roberts had the distinction of defeating Leslie G. Garnett

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Varied Septette

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. ERIC LINKLATER'S verve and sense of fun are boundless. He may irritate, exasperate, or infuriate his reader, but he will never bore him. He has a swift style and a rampageous wit that carry everything before them. His latest book, *Ripeness is All* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a typical Linklater product. The story centres round a will. Old John Gander left a large sum of money to that one of his nephews and nieces which should produce the largest number of legitimate children within a certain period. The nephews and nieces get to work as quickly as they can, with three notable exceptions: Stephen, who prefers the society of his friend, Wilfrid, to women; Hilary, who prefers spinsterhood to matrimony; and Jane, who prefers golf to everything. There is a capital scene when the disreputable George turns up from India with a family of five or six brownish offspring, thereby easily leading the field and reducing his cousins to rage and despair. But George's family turns out to be a bogus affair, and he is forced to return to India, defeated, but in no whit dispirited. George is a jolly, light-hearted, indomitable sort of rascal. It would be unfair to give away the identity of the ultimate winner. The reader must discover that for himself. But it must be recorded that the final dénouement is a capital surprise, and the whole book goes with a galloping swing from beginning to end. Once again I have the demoniacal pleasure in catching out the writer of the publisher's blurb on the jacket. When will publishers realise that, if they themselves cannot bother to read the books they publish, they can hardly expect reviewers to?

"THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE" (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is a masterpiece of criticism. Of course, it was only to be expected that when Mr. Frank Swinnerton sat down to describe the personalities and achievements of his contemporaries, he would produce something pretty important. But I confess that I had not anticipated that it would be quite so important as it turns out to be. It is a perfectly enthralling book. Each little chapter, on each subject, is a first-class piece of thoughtful and penetrating criticism. You simply cannot put the book down. You rove from a brilliant essay on Belloc and Chesterton, to an equally brilliant one on Arnold Bennett; thence you simply must see what he says about Wells, and that brings you automatically to Conrad and Shaw, and by that time it is quite impossible to stop. It is indeed a noble panorama of names. Mr. Swinnerton does full justice to the beneficent influence of such men as Sir John Squire, to the sincere and powerful talents of the Sitwells, so absurdly misunderstood (almost entirely due to their own childishnesses), and to the school of post-war modern poets. Indeed, Mr. Swinnerton does full justice to almost everyone he discusses. I am, however, astounded that he should not even mention one of the greatest of living poets, a man who has had a profound influence upon a considerable section of the youth of to-day—Professor Gilbert Murray. This seems to me to be an extraordinary omission.

Maud Cairnes — *Bertram Park*

Author of "Strange Journey," an amusing novel, published by Cobden Sanderson, which tells how a suburban housewife is translated into the body of the châtelaine of a large country-house and the consequences which arise therefrom. "Maud Cairnes" is a pseudonym which conceals the identity of Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, a daughter of Lord Huntingdon

MRS. MARY AGNES HAMILTON'S new novel, *Life Sentence* (Hamish Hamilton; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a large, violent book of remarkable inequalities. The first part is extraordinarily exciting, the second is entertaining, and the third is, to me, at least, frankly tedious. The hero and heroine take the world, the cause of Peace, and themselves so seriously that they decide that it is their duty to murder the Foreign Secretary at the Armistice Day ceremony by the Cenotaph, in order to prevent another war. They bungle the affair miserably, and part for years, hating each other. The heroine goes to America with a party of musicians, and the hero goes to jail (only for one year, for some reason. I should have thought that attempted murder deserved a bit more), and they do not come together again until the end of the book. *Life Sentence* is terrifically sincere, and that is why one does not like to criticise it. But all the same, there are too many words in it. The pages are littered with words, and there are more than 400 pages. It is a big book and it might have been bigger if it had been smaller.

"CORONATION BABY," by Mr. Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a study of Georgianism from a different angle to Mr. Swinnerton's. It is a description of the youth of a boy who was born in Coronation Year, 1902, up to the final and for-ever-shattering explosion of 1914. There is nothing in the book, and yet, somehow, there is a great deal. It is quiet and trivial, and yet, somehow, it is exciting and important. The reason for this paradox is that Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has succeeded in recapturing a faint will-of-the-wisp of all our childhoods, a sort of faint, universal echo of the Past. A delightful book.

IN *Dip, Lizzie, Dip* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Miss Josephine Blumenfeld proves that she can write entertaining short stories. There is nothing epic about any of them, for they are pitched in a minor key. But they are neat and eminently readable, and one or two of the character-sketches are excellent. The story called *Miss Nichols* is a sad little tragedy, written with an economy and restraint that is a promise of bigger things to come from Miss Blumenfeld's pen.

"THE MUTINY OF MADAM YES" (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Dale Collins, is a grand book of adventure. It is fantastic in its situations and breathless in its excitement, and capital in its humour, and, above all, Madam Yes herself is a new and delicious character. She is a lady of the world who is ready for any sort of adventure, and, on making a casual acquaintance with a sea-captain in an East End pub, calmly sails with him to China with a cargo of munitions for a Chinese war lord. Her adventures are innumerable, and she comes through them all with a gay laugh. It is characteristic of her that when she is kissed with too much assurance by an Irishman, instead of slapping his face, she closes her fist and punches him under the jaw. I strongly recommend *Madam Yes* for the evening after a tiring day. It is far more fun than ninety per cent. of detective stories.

ANOTHER Harrap publication is *Phantom Crown*, by Miss Bertita Harding (10*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of the unfortunate Maximilian of Hapsburg, who allowed himself to become the puppet-Emperor of Mexico under the miserable ægis of the charlatan Napoleon III. It is one of the great tragedies of the nineteenth century. Miss Harding has told the story well, with Notes, Index, Bibliography, and illustrations.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The charm of this dress lies in its simplicity and the fact that it is different from anything already seen in the way of picture frocks. It has been designed by Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, and is expressed in camellia-shot poulte de soie, with a navy blue check design. The sleeves are puffed, and the neck low in front and outlined with a stand-up frilled collar of the same material. The fullness on the hips is suggestive of a bustle divided down the centre by a plain panel, which is very slimming

Lenare

Wool with a Difference

This jumper is sure to meet with success as it bears the name of Wolsey. It is knitted in wide ribs and has short sleeves and a square neck which fastens in front with a fancy clip. It is available in blue, red, green and beige mixtures. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining this jumper, application should be made to Wolsey, Leicester, when a booklet giving the names of their agents will be sent gratis and post free

On the left is a jumper suit without which no wardrobe is complete, as it is suitable for either town or country wear. It is made by Wolsey in a material which suggests angora. The jumper has an unusual neck-line, composed of three straps finished with glass buttons, and is trimmed with diagonal tucking back and front. This is repeated on the long, tight sleeves. The skirt is well tailored, with an inverted pleat down the centre front

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(*Above*) **THE FINEST WHITE RUSSIAN ERMINE** skins are used to make this elegant and exclusive model. Special Summer Price **45 Gns.**

In good quality Canadian Ermine **35 Gns.**

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(*Centre*) **A REALLY BEAUTIFUL SILVER FOX CAPE** made from three very fine skins, clear in colour, full and silky in the fur. Can be worn for day or evening wear. Special Summer Price from **60 Gns.**

(*On Right*). **A REALLY HANDSOME CAPE OF CANADIAN MINK,** made of rich dark skins, beautifuliy worked in a model giving very graceful lines. Special Summer Price from **75 Gns.**

This model can also be made in Kolinsky, Dyed Squirrel, Dyed Ermine, etc.

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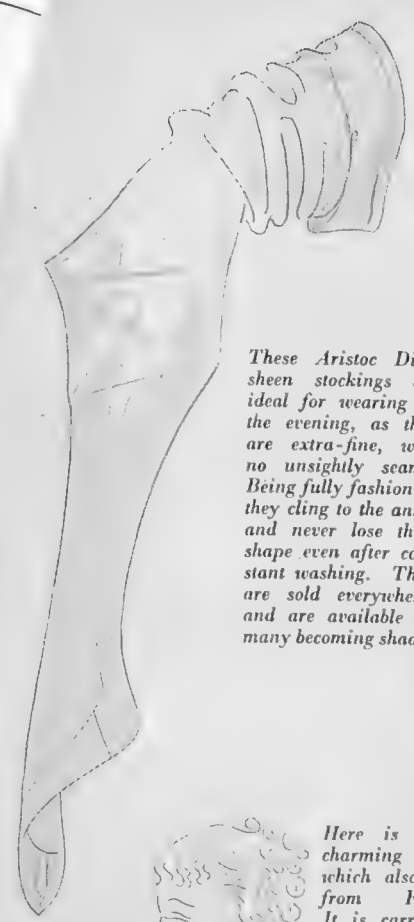
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta; pictured by Pam.

These two evening bags may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street. The top one is in blue silk embroidered with a multi-coloured floral design, and mounted on a gilt frame studded with lapis-lazuli stones. Next to it is a study in red and gold, with a gilt frame inlaid with seed pearls

Burmese amber is used for these accessories, which also come from Liberty's. The necklace has carved square medallions, and is accompanied by a bracelet; while the ear-rings are set in filigree silver which has been treated to look old

The spring collections show a revival of the Puritan and sailor collar. These are seen not only on frocks, but on fur coats. The two illustrated are made in dyed squirrel and American broadtail, and may be seen at Revillon, 180, Regent Street. This firm specialise in luxurious furs and wraps as well as distinctive frocks and suits



These Aristoc Dimsheen stockings are ideal for wearing in the evening, as they are extra-fine, with no unsightly seams. Being fully fashioned, they cling to the ankle and never lose their shape even after constant washing. They are sold everywhere, and are available in many becoming shades

Here is another charming cape which also comes from Revillon. It is carried out in red poulte de soie, with two circular frills which are set into loose box-pleats

Yards and yards of stiffened black tulle make this graceful cape, which is trimmed with white ermine tails and accompanies a black evening frock from Revillon

Women's Golf:

Summer at Sandy and Surrey at Addington

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Hibbert and Mrs. Ian Lucas, two competitors for the Sandy Lodge Jubilee Challenge Cup

Miss A. C. Regnart, Mrs. Percy Garon, and Miss Diana Fishwick, who tied for the Jubilee Challenge Cup at Sandy Lodge Ladies' Open Meeting with a score of 78. Mrs. Garon eventually secured the trophy by reason of a better score for the last six holes

The Silver Jubilee Open Meeting at Sandy Lodge

Dear Bystander,

If ever there was a perfect summer's day, that day was Sandy Lodge's Silver Jubilee Open Meeting. The sun shone, and larks sang, and even those (and they were many) who missed putts were ready to admit that it was good to be alive. You can imagine what a delight it was to be let loose on a golf-course for the first time in 1935; if I did not actually leap for joy, in the approved proverbial fashion, it was only because there are limits to the activities of a groggy leg. Nor can I say with honesty that I walked all the way round with anybody; that is a pleasure yet to come. But I came very near to seeing Mrs. A. D. Stocks do the fifteenth in one, which was quite exciting enough; I watched Miss Diana Fishwick, less clever than usual over little chips at the sixteenth and eighteenth, and a great number of other people tackling that hole with varying fortunes. The real story of the day there was a triple tie for the splendid Scratch Challenge Trophy which Mr. Stanley Holmes had given to commemorate the Jubilee. Mrs. Garon, Miss Diana Fishwick, and Miss Audrey Regnart were all 78, and Mrs. Garon took the tie by virtue of the last six holes. She was one of the few who had not been all adrift on the slippery greens, and though she had three disastrous holes, she accordingly managed to be only three over par. Mrs. Guedalla, for instance, who was only 79, had missed eight putts of the very shortest. Girls' Championship competitors were very well to the fore, for the Second Division, which ran from 13 handicaps upwards, was won by Miss Fiona Morris, aged fifteen, who returned 91−18=73, two below par. That, of course, is not the kind of golf that would actually win the Girls' Championship, but 1935 is far from being Fiona's last attempt, and nobody would dare to say that she will not do it before her time is up. Miss Brenda Norris, who will be too old this year, but was a semi-finalist last, partnered Mrs. Murray to victory in the Foursomes.

The next day was as cold at Addington as the one before had been hot at Sandy Lodge, but there are plenty of sheltered spots on the Old Course where one can lurk and see a great deal. Surrey v. Kent have not had so good a battle for several years, and for a long time that portion of my heart which beats for Surrey sank very low, even though the journalist portion of me realised that it adds to interest when holders are beaten. The first match looked a safe one for Kent: Miss Diana Fishwick was really playing very well indeed; Miss Pam Barton too much hither and thither. Miss Fishwick was four up at the eleventh, and since young players are generally supposed to lack fight, it was not unnatural if Kent looked on Miss Barton as beaten. Not a bit of it, though; she won the next three holes, scrambled a half at the fifteenth, and then lost the sixteenth, where she went bird's-nesting among the rhododendrons. Two down, dormy to Miss Fishwick, seemed depressing enough; again not a bit of it. Miss Barton won the seventeenth in three, the eighteenth in four, and made one putt suffice for a scrambling win at the nineteenth. It was the first time she had been up. That was a very heartening start for Miss Barton—sufficient answer to those critics who think it a mistake to play anyone so young so high in the team. Mrs. Peel, Surrey's captain, had the satisfaction of seeing her judgment in that respect rewarded, and she put up a brave personal fight against Miss Wanda Morgan, who beat her by 3 and 1. Mrs. Fish was a smashing winner, Miss Hamilton a courageous one, and Miss Halsted a narrow one. Kent's winners, besides Miss Morgan, were Mrs. Green and Mrs. A. A. Smith.

Things have been getting busy in other divisions. Dorset, for example, have achieved two wins from Cornwall, playing both matches in the day at Broadstone. Essex have dealt harshly with Oxfordshire; Berkshire rather less harshly.

It was a bit of a shock the other day to hear a young player speak of county matches as if they were a rather bothersome part of the season's programme: the sort of thing that one had to do out of loyalty to one's county, but which could rather well be dispensed with. It seems to me that what players need to cut out is some of the many open meetings. As I have said before, and as I know I shall say again, it is all very well to be a good medal player, but what tightens up your game and gives you nerve for the desperate championship and international battles is the hammer, hammer of one living and desperately keen opponent in a match. County matches give that better than anything else: give, too, opportunity for playing opponents that might not otherwise come your way, and on a variety of strange courses. If that is not golfing education, I do not know what is.

All too often the caddie provided in a county match is wild in his judgment: that, in itself, is further education. No; let the prize meetings and club medals go hang, but county golf could not be dispensed with except at a serious cost to the golf of the players who really aspire to great things.

Yours ever,
Eleanor E. Helme.

Miss Derise Allen, Mrs. H. Dunkerley, Mrs. E. Stern, and Mrs. H. W. Wright on their way to the first tee at Sandy Lodge when playing for the Jubilee Challenge Cup

More "Bystanders" at Felixstowe

Top: E. R. Crockatt, who beat G. H. Richmond (r.) at the twentieth hole

Top: Richard Boulter and Bill Block, the son of the Club's president

Below: Major A. L. Trundle and O. V. Bunn, the Suffolk champion

Below: A. G. Prideaux discusses the weather with P. J. Quinton

Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, M.P., waits at the first tee with J. Walker, ex-German champion

George Adams, R. C. Burbidge, making up his card, and R. G. Pegler looking on

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy (3rd Year) at Felixstowe

M. R. Gardner (Parkstone) Wins Again; Sir Basil Eddis Runner-Up

By J. S. F. Morrison

THE meeting for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy, and other prizes, was held on the course of the Felixstowe Golf Club on March 23rd and 24th. We received over 120 entries, but were only able to accept 80, as this is the maximum number that can be dealt with in one day in comfort to the competitors. Actually, 78 players took out cards for the qualifying round; one player scratched at lunch time on the 22nd, and another on the 23rd, four minutes before he was due to start his medal round. The Trophy Eight this year consisted of the players who returned the four best cards from the top half of the draw, and the four best cards from the bottom half of the draw. This arrangement worked very well, as afternoon play was possible considerably earlier than in previous years, and also, the players who had to compete in bad weather conditions were not handicapped out of the Trophy Eight. It is interesting to note that if the old conditions had still been in force, not a single competitor who started later than 9.6 would have qualified in the first Eight. The early starters were most certainly favoured by the weather conditions, which I hope they found full compensation for loss of sleep.

H. GARRATT, East Herts (handicap 18), who was in the top half of the draw, led the qualifiers with a score of 74 (standard scratch score of the course is 72). Other qualifiers in this half of the draw were R. H. Romyn, Bridlington (handicap 6), M. R. Gardner, Parkstone (handicap 2), E. D. Midwood, Royal Liverpool (handicap 6), who all returned cards of 75. Midwood only qualified after a tie with W. Dancy, Felixstowe (handicap 22), by returning a 4 against Dancy's 5 at the sixteenth hole. They had the same figures at the eighteenth and seventeenth holes. The qualifiers in the bottom half of the draw were Sir Basil Eddis, Aldeburgh (handicap 5), who had played very well in this meeting on the same course in 1933, C. Meares, Sunningdale (handicap 13), J. Walker, Sunningdale (handicap 1), an ex-champion of Germany, and Captain C. B. G. Stevens, Sunningdale (handicap scratch), the holder of the King William IV. Medal at St. Andrews. Meares and Garratt were the only qualifiers with double-figure handicaps, and they were both rather easily defeated in the first round of the match-play stages. In this stage Gardner defeated in turn E. D. Midwood, at the twentieth hole, Romyn by 5 and 3, and Sir Basil Eddis, in the final, by 2 and 1. Sir Basil defeated Meares by 4 and 3, and Captain Stevens by 2 and 1. In the first round Romyn beat Garratt, and Captain Stevens beat Walker.

IT was a really magnificent performance on the part of Gardner to win this Trophy in two consecutive years. To qualify in the Trophy Eight two years running is no mean achievement, and Gardner only did so after a tie, when he got in as he had played the last hole better than his adversaries. He then had to go to the twentieth hole before he could dispose of Midwood, but after this he was never in danger, until Sir Basil's brave recovery towards the end of the final. In the final Sir Basil Eddis received two strokes from Gardner, at the fourth and fourteenth holes. The final started with a good half in 4, followed by a bad half in 5. At the third Gardner took three putts, and became 1 down. Sir Basil made a sad mess of the fourth, where he received a stroke and lost the hole to a 5. He, however, became 1 up again at the fifth, where he chipped back from over

(Continued on page vi)

'ERE 'ARRY! 'OW D'YOU ACCOUNT FOR A PACKET O'PLAYER'S BEIN' UP 'ERE?
WHY – THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
FRESH, ISN'T IT? YES, SO ARE PLAYER'S
ALWAYS A GREAT DRAW – THE BOAT RACE
THIS BRIDGE IS CLOSED FOR THE BOAT-RACE Y'KNOW
SEE THAT COUPLE UP THERE BILL?
YES, SO ARE PLAYER'S
YES, THEY'RE SMOKING PLAYER'S TOO
WELL, THE ARTIST HAS PUT US HERE AND HERE WE ARE!
THIS GIVES ME THE BLUES. TRY A PLAYER
NEVER MIND – HAVE A PLAYER
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING FROM HERE
–! THERE GO FORTY-NINE PLAYERS
I'VE JUST COME UP FOR THE THIRD TIME – GIVE ME A Player's Please
WE ARE NOW PASSING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE
WHAT ABOUT PASSING THE Player's Please
N.C.C. 263.G

All the Way By Air

By Charles Ward

Captain "Tony" Spooner, one of the most popular men in aviation, who died in Palestine last month as a result of an accident. He was air superintendent and operations manager for Misr Airwork

With the "Hawks" at Reading

THE Phillips and Powis issue has gone well, which is as it deserved. The Woodley organisation is excellent. Under the business management of C. O. Powis himself, one of the most able amongst the young men in the industry, allied to the inventive genius of F. G. Miles—not forgetting his "right-hand man," Mrs. Miles—the trade in "Hawks," "Falcons," and more to come, should prosper exceedingly. The Company owns the aerodrome at Woodley, which has an area of 130 acres, ample for use as a testing-ground and for the flying school, which operates six aircraft. It will be remembered that the Miles "Hawk" Major was the first of the light aeroplanes to reach Melbourne in the recent Centenary Race. There is much doing at Portsmouth these days. Airspeed have their shops full of Couriers and Envoys in various stages of production. Sir Alan Cobham has joined the board of P.S. and I.O.W.A. I hope you know that this stands for the company that operates the airport for the Corporation, and runs ferry services to the Isle of Wight and to London. This summer, there is to be an extension to Guernsey, where Sir Alan Cobham has a lease on the only landing-ground. Channel Islands Airways, which absorbed Jersey Airways, will operate through Eastleigh, Southampton's airport, instead of through Portsmouth. The former is to be completely equipped with night lights by midsummer, whilst the contract for a similar installation at Portsmouth cannot be long delayed. Ryde Aerodrome will be lit in the late summer, so as to permit ferry services up till midnight, or later if the demand exists.

Live on the Main Line

THERE will be advantages in living on main air lines, not the least of which will be quick and cheap transport to all parts of the world. In many cases, air fares are already down to the level of ships and trains—£85 to India, the same as the best cabin on a steamer, is a good example. Passengers may now book through to Australia—it costs £195 from London to Brisbane. Firsts will be secured by two people who are leaving Croydon on April 20th. At home, there is to be an air service from Norwich to Leicester—that may not seem awfully important to people who don't live in Norwich or Leicester, but it is an indication that all towns of any size are waking up to the fact that they must get on the air map. Norwich is a typical case of a quiet town in a corner. It is in a part of England that doesn't lead anywhere much, so if people want to travel there, it takes them a long time. By air, all this can be changed. Any place with an aerodrome can have a service, and if it isn't a main-line service, at least it will give a connection with a main line very rapidly. The Public Schools Aviation Camp is being held at Mousehold Aerodrome, and organised by the Norfolk and Norwich Club as before. It commences on August 6th, and costs £30 for three to five weeks in camp, nine hours' flying instruction, three hours' solo, with a rebate at published charges for flying time not completed. Boys from seven public schools took part last year and a good time was enjoyed by all. The Duke and Duchess of York have given their patronage to the Jubilee Ball to be held at the Dorchester on May 23rd in aid of the Air League's Young Pilots' Fund.

Personality

AVIATION could ill afford to lose such a charming personality as Captain "Tony" Spooner, who died as a result of a flying accident in Palestine. He was in charge of flying operations for Misr Airwork, and was very largely responsible for the goodwill and fine reputation of that company's services in the Near East. Last year he married Glenda, daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, Bt., manager of our aviation contemporary, *Popular Flying*, and he was a brother of the late Miss Winifred Spooner, the most capable as well as the most popular woman pilot we have had. Listeners to the London radio programmes will hear another series of talks on the wily art of learning to fly, by Mr. Filson Young. His training, which was taken entirely at Heston, has been intermittent, due to the rigours of winter weather, but he has now completed the necessary tests for the coveted "A" licence. Mr. E. C. Gordon England has resigned a directorship with Vacuum Oil in order to take up the job of joint managing director of General Aircraft, the company which builds Monospars and owns Hanworth. Mr. Gordon England was a pilot before the war, and has maintained close touch with the business of aviation ever since.

News by Air

ANOTHER machine has joined the fleet at the Brooklands School, making five in all. Captain Max Findlay has been kept very busy instructing; Captain Duncan Davis and Mr. Douglas are away on leave, and Captain Mackenzie has just had an operation. Good flying weather has encouraged new pupils, many of last season's enthusiasts have returned for more practice.

Just married: Miss Florence Desmond and Captain Tom Campbell-Black, who, at the time of going to press, were to be married last Saturday

Above, left: Captain D. Hignett, Clerk of the Course at the Fernie point-to-point, and Lady Kathleen Rollo, who was third on Mr. Marshall Field's Prince Malachi in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race

Left: Miss Pansy Bonham-Carter and Miss Adrienne Hornby (more of these check-suit fans) were at the joint R. A., Highland Brigade, and Queen's Bays' point-to-point at Farringdon, near Alton

Above: Lord Borodale, who won the Fernie Hunt Cup on his brother, the Hon. Peter Beatty's horse, Rifle Bucket, Miss Hope Johnstone, Mrs. Stokes, Lord Beatty, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, who rode in the Adjacent Hunt Ladies' Race. The Fernie meeting was held at Saddington, near Market Harborough

• Point-to • Points

Below

Left: Captain the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Frankland were at the West Street point-to-point at Knowlton, Kent. Captain Frankland is in the 15th-19th

Centre: Mr. J. Wentworth-Day and Miss Brenda Sheffield, whose engagement was recently announced, were at the Inniskillings' point-to-point. Mr. Wentworth-Day is editor of the "Sporting and Dramatic"

Right: Lady Minto walking round with ex-Provost Dalgleish of Galashiels at the Lauderdale meeting at Upper Blainslie, near Lauder

England v. Scotland at Hockey

R. Whitlock breaks through the Scottish defence for England's first goal, in the match won by England by two goals to one. The players (l. to r.) are E. L. M'Leod (Scotland), R. Whitlock, scoring, A. R. Paterson (Scotland's goalie), and D. Leyland Naylor (Scotland's captain)

A Meet of the Sealyham "Hounds"

Major Jocelyn Lucas's unique pack of Sealyhams moving off after a meet at Furnace Mill, Cowden, Kent, the home of Sir Stanley Woodwark

Left: Miss Mary Hardwick, who won three events in the Queen's Club Covered Court Championship. A member of the Surrey team, she shows every promise of becoming a first-flight player if absurd comparisons do not put her off her game. She is not yet a Lenglen, any more than her young brother, Derek (right), is a Borotra, though he has modelled his style on that of the Frenchman. Charles Hardwick, another brother, on the left, is also keen on the game. Both boys are at St. Paul's

Promising Tennis Players

So the lawn tennis experts have discovered a new British "star." They do this every year. And very often these "stars" are merely meteors—they flash across the Wimbledon sky-line, and then fade out. Only a kind heart prevents me naming some of these so-called world-beaters; but, in any case, you would probably not remember them.

However, the experts are pretty unanimous this time in hailing the genius of twenty-one-year-old Mary Hardwick, the tall, fair-haired daughter of a Wandsworth business man. Indeed, a very shrewd judge, not given to panegyrics over every youngster who happens to win an early season tournament, assures me that Miss Hardwick is definitely good. She has a few faults, of course. She is not too robust. She has yet to be tested in the fires of Wimbledon.

More important, I learn that Miss Hardwick is not looking too far ahead. We have heard these last few days—since she swept the board in the Queen's Club tournament, in fact—that she is a potential Wimbledon champion; we have been told, too, that if she were to meet Miss Dorothy Round to-morrow she would, all things being equal, gain a victory. This is stuff and nonsense, and I believe Miss Hardwick realises this.

Anyhow, I happen to know that she is not embarking on a too-ambitious campaign this season. She is limiting herself to a couple of tournaments each month, and will devote the rest of the time to practice. This is good news. Too often in the past I have seen promising young players "burn" themselves out pursuing a ceaseless "pot hunting" policy.

Maybe, in a season or two, we shall hear more of Miss Hardwick if she continues with her plan to hasten slowly. She has most of the strokes (though I can't believe she is better than Lenglen!), and only needs solid experience and the right sort of coaching to become a first-class player. But for goodness sake let's not over-boom her—too many potential "stars" have been ruined this way.

TALKING of tennis, the future of Fred Perry looks to be very much in the balance just now. The International Federation's refusal of Czechoslovakia's resolution to raise the film ban means much to the Wimbledon champion. Just how much we will be better able to judge in the next few months. Very rightly, I think, Perry wants to get a comfortable bank balance—after all, he's got to live—

Giants in the Ring

Harry Lenny (right), Ray Impellitierre's manager, rushing into the ring to save his stricken fighter, on the ropes, further punishment from Primo Carnera. Jack Dempsey refereed the fight

The Corinthians v. Queen's Park

W. T. Whewell, the Corinthian captain, shaking hands with T. K. Campbell, the Queen's Park (Glasgow) captain before the match at White Hart Lane. The Corinthians staged a come-back on this occasion, and won by 7 goals to 1, a record score in matches between these two teams

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

A Presentation at Slindon Lodge, Dale Park

Mr. J. D. Aysh presenting, on behalf of the farmers and members of the Cowdray Hunt, a cheque for £102 4s. to Will Shearman, who has been with the Hunt ever since it started, thirteen years ago

and the films seemed to be a natural money-maker for him. Yet, if he makes an instructional film for cash, then he automatically becomes a professional.

What will Perry do? Well, as I see it, he will come to no decision yet awhile, but will wait until the Davis Cup has been defended. And then we may hear just what his plans are to be.

Only a day or so ago, we heard "Bill" O'Brien, the ring-master of the Tilden "circus," come out with yet another of his many statements regarding Perry. It would seem that O'Brien knows more about the champion's future than Perry himself—or thinks he does. Still, the manager of the American money-players stated that Perry would be turning professional early next year and would sign a contract to appear in exhibition games for three months.

For those three months (again I quote O'Brien) Perry would receive about £2000. So there we are. Now, having given these figures, let me examine them. Straightway, I think that the champion would want very much more than a guarantee of three months' work. If, and when, he does think about signing on the dotted line for O'Brien, Perry would probably hold out for a very much longer contract—one, say, of twelve months, with a much fatter sum than £2000.

So, for the present, we can ignore these statements from O'Brien. As things stand now, Perry is eager to defend his Wimbledon title and then help Britain in her effort to retain the Davis Cup. After all, if he can carry off the championship for the second time in succession, his cash value as a professional would soar immediately—as our good American friend, "Bill" O'Brien, would find when he came around talking about contracts.

Above: the finish to the mile, in which W. T. Squires (left) surprised all Oxford supporters by nearly beating J. C. Stothard, the Cambridge 1st string

Top: K. S. Duncan wins the 100 yards for Oxford from C. J. E. Betty, on the extreme right. M. M. Scarr, of Cambridge, is in the foreground, and J. M. Baillieu, the Oxford second string, fourth. Duncan also won the long jump

The 'Varsity Sports

A. G. K. Brown, of Cambridge, one of the most promising athletes who have been in residence at either University for years. He won the quarter-mile in 49 sec. dead on not too good a day for fast times, and thus beat a record set up by D. MacMillan which has existed since 1912

AND now let's have a paragraph or two about London's greatest free show—the Boat Race. It was Tex Rickard who heard about the race and got the shock of his life when he was told that there was no "rake off" for the crews.

"What's that?" demanded the great American sports impresario. "These Oxford and Cambridge boys don't get a bean out of all that crowd? Well, what's the great idea in slogging so hard?" And Tex sighed at English stupidity.

However, that by the way. The thing is that, just now, Oxford look like pulling off the race this year. I have seen them at practice and have been struck by the way in which more recent alterations in the order of the crew have made for more rhythm. The boat is running farther between the strokes. Cambridge, on the other hand, have been criticised by rowing men for their rather scrappy blade-work.

Yet, apart from actual rowing ability, there is a real fighting spirit among the Oxford crew. All through the long preparation for the race, they have been going at things with a will. Much of their training this year has been revised under Mr. Peter Haigh Thomas; this has all been to the good—as much from a psychological point of view as anything else. This time Oxford feel that *they will win*.

NOW for some "Soccer." First there is the Corinthians' smashing victory over their Scottish rivals, Queen's Park, at White Hart Lane. Never in the history of these annual matches has there been such a clear-cut margin—seven goals to one is tall scoring, believe me, in these days, when defences dominate play. And the man behind the rout of the Scots was Flying Officer Warfield, who, by the way, comes from a Rugby school.

Oxford v. Cambridge at Golf

J. J. F. Pennink, the Oxford captain (right), and his opponent, P. B. Lucas, the left-handed Cambridge Freshman, who won by 9 and 7, and proved himself a fine golfer

N. S. Mitchell Innes (Oxford) and P. W. Marsham (Cambridge). The former won his single against T. F. B. Law by 12 and 10; while Marsham halved with J. O. H. Greenly

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 43)

to Glasgow. It was a New Year's Day match, and the English amateurs arrived late at the ground. They were asked to hurry in getting into their kit as the crowd—20,000 strong—was growing rather restive and looked like breaking up the ground.

It was suggested that a board should be sent round stating that the Corinthians had arrived and would soon be in action. "That 's no use," came the reply; "there are 20,000 people here and half of them are drunk already!"

An awkward situation, that. As awkward as the heavy-weight boxing situation these days, it seems. For we find the American mandarins laying down that one James J. Braddock has been nominated as the contender for Max Baer's world title! And this, mark you, while Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera are standing by, waiting for a crack at Baer.

Who is Braddock? The "Jersey Thunderbolt" has beaten Art Lasky, but has no formidable record which would put him right in line for world title honours. But the Americans seem to do much as they like in these matters, so Schmeling, who is obviously the man to face Baer, will have to wait.

Schmeling will certainly feel an injustice has been done. He crashed his way into the heavy-weight argument by a clear-cut victory over Steve Hamas; yet, when it comes to title talk, he is ignored. The German is a much-improved fighter these days. He has realised the folly of having only one or two bouts a year, and has been keeping himself very much in trim by actual tests in the ring. He is tougher than ever he was—and he was always a big, strong fellow—and I would take him to give Baer a tremendously stiff fight. But there, the Americans have overlooked him. . . . Whether for reasons of policy and the desire to keep the title "in the family" I know not.

Warfield was at West Buckland, the North Devon school which went over to "Rugger" something like seven or eight years ago. As a matter of fact, West Buckland once had a pretty useful "Soccer" side—in the dim and distant days I happened to play many a match on their pitch—and could give the local league sides very good games and sometimes a beating. But, such is the way of things, they went over to the handling code, and, to be sure, have done well at it.

Still, that by the way. The thing is that Warfield has quickly settled down in "Soccer," and must now be ranked among the best amateur centre-forwards of the day. This success against Queen's Park seems to show that the Corinthians are waking up with their team-building. The amateurs from across the border can manage to hold their own in the Scottish League; to come to London and be beaten so convincingly is a real shock for them—and a triumph for the Corinthians.

Time was when these annual games were the tit-bits of football. To-day, they do not attract the crowd quite so much. I recall the story of one visit of the Corinthians

The Chartered Surveyors' Golfing Society

An impression by Mac of some of those present at the 29th Annual Dinner of the above society, which was held at the Park Lane Hotel under the chairmanship of the captain, Mr. S. Vyvian Hicks. Mr. W. T. Monckton, K.C., and Mr. Alan Arnold, P.S.I., replied to the toast of the guests

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KING GEORGE V

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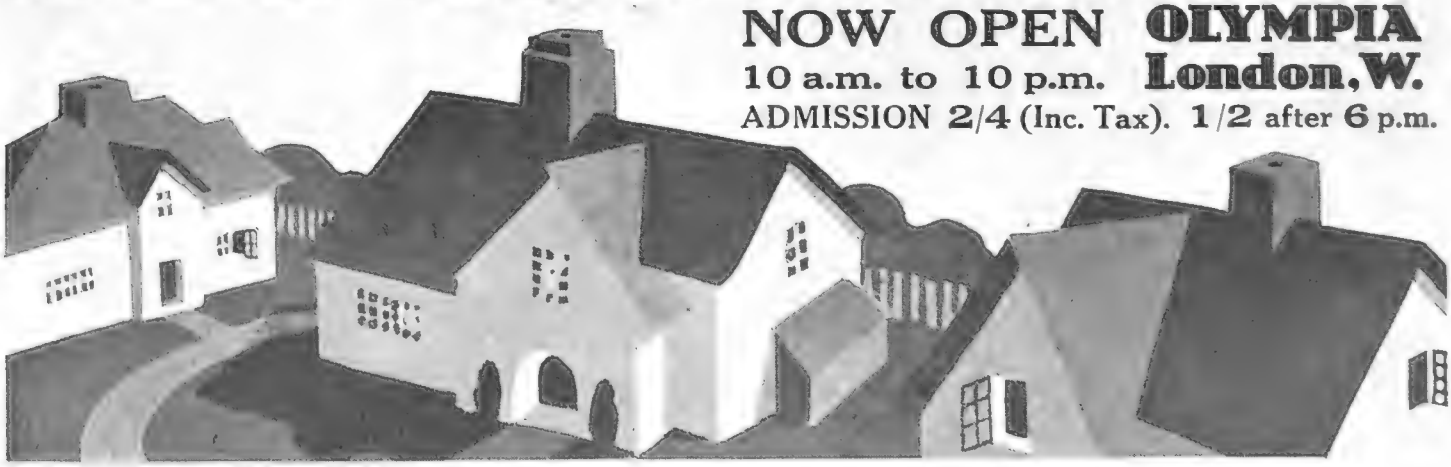


Left: the new "Twelve - Four" Morris both looks and is a thoroughly sturdy and comfortable car. While being decidedly good-looking, it deals generously with its occupants in the matter of space

Below: the driving position is very well planned. The angle of the steering column is adjustable, and a good point is that the windscreen can be fully opened

Cars with a Personality

The Morris "Twelve-Four"

The back seat is extremely comfortable, and provides really ample space. The doors are of good width, and at all points the coach-builder has done his job exceptionally well

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is no doubt about it: a good four-cylinder car, to-day as always, is an exceedingly attractive proposition. When the engine is a small one, indeed, there are many motorists who will regard a "four" as being definitely preferable to a "six."

We must not minimise the value of six cylinders in securing the perfection of smoothness; yet one may well ask whether an engine such as that of the "Twelve-Four" Morris is not amply smooth enough to satisfy the predilections of any ordinary person. Certainly I can find no fault with it on this score; and a further good point is the remarkable silence of running. Once, while testing the saloon model illustrated, I actually left the engine "ticking over" for a period, while imagining from its quietude that I had already switched it off!

The greatest four-cylinder virtue, of course, is what I may describe as "sturdiness." This Morris is notably sturdy in the way it responds to hard driving. It accelerates well throughout its range of speed, and yet never gives the impression that it is "revving" harder than is good for it. In top gear, the very useful speed of 60 m.p.h. can be reached.

The gear-box is a very pleasant one to use. Third and top gears are of synchro-mesh type, and therefore virtually crash-proof; while second gear, although otherwise normal, is one of those ratios which seem to be naturally free from difficulty. In short, the driver can forget the existence of gear-changing problems. Third gear, it should be mentioned, is pitched moderately high, and is thus capable of a good 45 m.p.h.

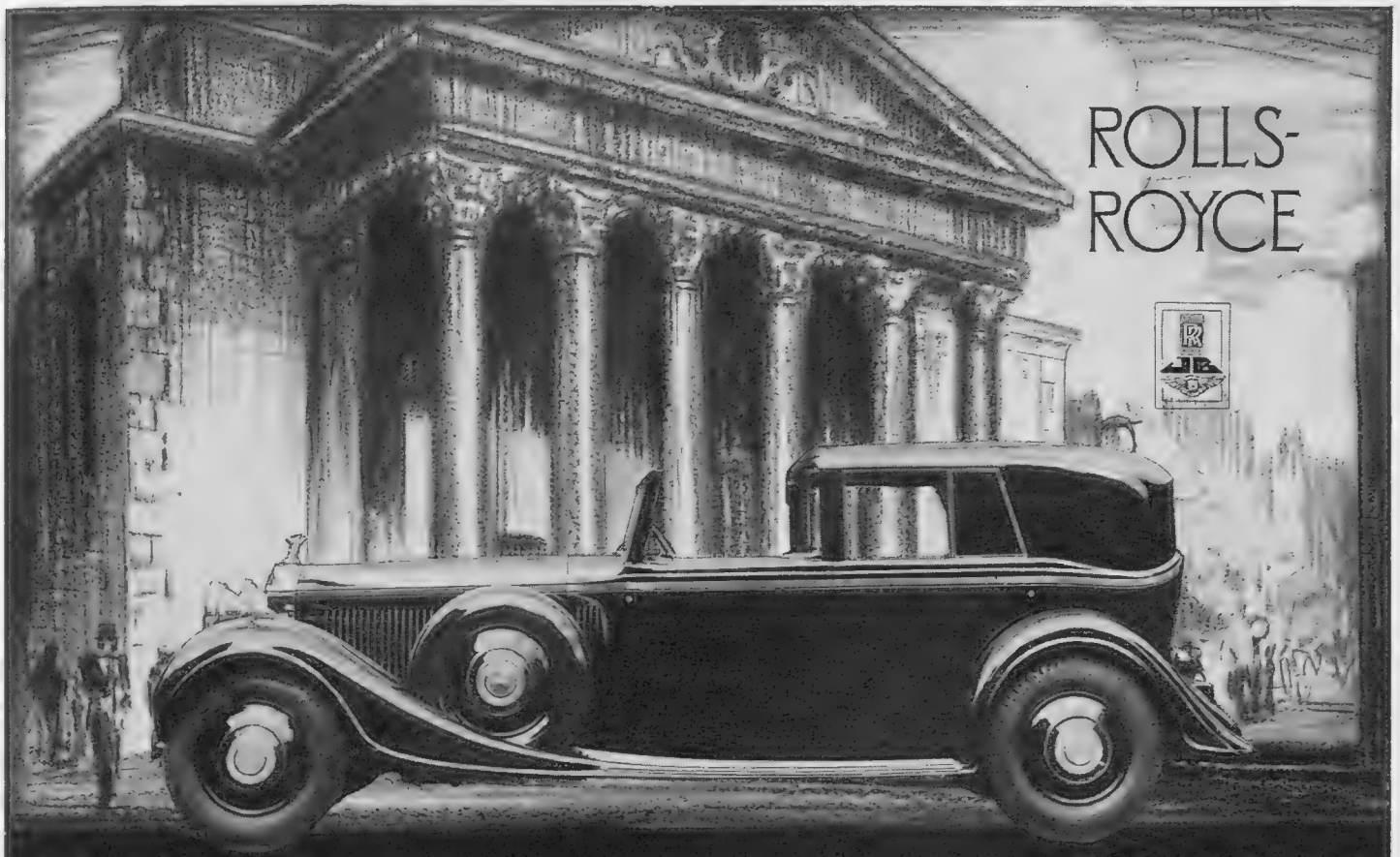
The braking is excellent, being of Lockheed hydraulic type. As with all hydraulic brakes, the action is perfectly smooth and progressive, and, to a large extent, the system is self-compensating—i.e., the pedal pressure is always distributed in an even manner to all the four brake-drums. There is also plenty of sheer stopping power.

The steering is distinctly good, and the springing is always efficient and comfortable. The car holds the road well, and behaves, from the driver's point of view, in a way suggestive of substantial size and power.

Indeed, apart from the fact that it only pays a £9 tax, this Morris at no time strikes one as a small car. The coachwork is admirably roomy, and the seating very well arranged. There is genuinely good accommodation for four large, long-legged people, with a grid at the back for their luggage.

At just under £200, the "Twelve-Four" ought to do its share, and more, in keeping up the record production figures which Messrs. Morris have recently achieved. It is a sturdy, sound, honest-to-goodness motor-car, with a performance of which many a "six" might be envious.

Left: a luggage-grid is still the best repository for bulky packages. That fitted to the Morris is strong and of very useful size



The illustration background above is an artist's impression of the facade of St. George's Church, Hanover Square W1 opposite which are the Showrooms of

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Those who have fallen by the way

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In order to ward off attacks of RHEUMATISM and its attendant troubles, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water, which is Nature's own antidote for this painful affection.

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These accessories have been selected especially for travelling, as they take up very little space. Among them are tissues, soap-cloths, and a sponge-bag. A bottle of Coty's Eau de Cologne should be added; it is available in many different sizes

wardrobe-trunk. Whether one is travelling by land, sea, or air, certain accessories have to be included in the dressing-case, and those illustrated may prove of interest, as they have been designed with the object of saving space. Elizabeth Arden (25, Old Bond Street) has contributed some delightful travel tissues and soap-cloths. The tissues are made in two sizes, the small ones for removing lipstick, and the larger ones to be used after cleaning the face with cream. The soap-cloths, as their name implies, are impregnated with soap, and are excellent for washing on the train, as each flannel may be used several times. They lather when wet, and are packed in rubber cases.

Travel Tissues and Soap-Cloths

"MULTUM IN PARVO" is the axiom of every traveller nowadays, when the authorities forbid more than a limited number of pounds to be carried, and small, compact luggage is regarded with greater favour than the American

Soap-Balls and Blocs

EVERYONE has experienced the discomfort of arriving at a hotel and finding no soap. It is always well to be prepared, therefore, and carry a cake of soap, or else a box of Elizabeth Arden Savons Bathettes. These are packed in a talc case, and are primarily meant for softening the water before manicuring the nails. They are shaped like marbles, and can be effectively used for ordinary washing purposes. Crème-Bloc Jabley, however, is a soap with both cleansing and nourishing properties. It contains an active skin-food cream which builds up the tissues after thoroughly cleansing the clogged pores. It costs 1s. 9d. a tablet, and is obtainable practically everywhere.

Travelling Companions

ANOTHER important item is a sponge-bag and a pair of really comfortable slippers. The sponge-bag should be one of those which fold up quite flat, and have pockets for holding a small towel, flannel, tooth-brush and soap. They are sold by many stores and chemists, and are made in coloured cretonne or silk, lined with rubber. With regard to slippers, there is a wide choice. Those illustrated are knitted, will stretch to any dimensions, and take up absolutely no room. Then there are mules, which are prettier and very comfortable; or moccasins in coloured suède lined with fur.

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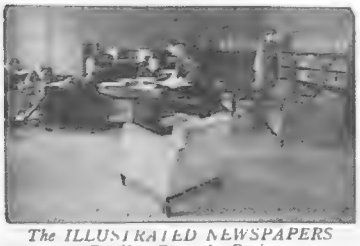

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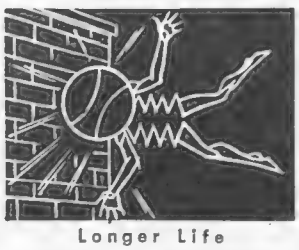

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POUDRE ANGELUS *"calligénique"*

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◆ *No mystery to this!* It is characteristic of Poudre Angélus Louis-Philippe that it clings tenaciously by *delicate penetration* of the skin cells, becoming a veritable part of the natural bloom of the skin... Sympathetic to the skin's own tint and transparency this remarkable "calligénique" Face Powder imparts a fresh peach-like GLOW unknown before.

◆ Only as a result of 15 years of laboratory research and painstaking testing has this newest aid to loveliness been brought to perfection.

◆ Six shades - discreetly perfumed; NATURELLE, RACHEL, OCRE, OCRE ROSÉE, SUNGOLD and SUNTAN; *one of them is yours.* In delightful engraved gilt coffrets at 4/6d, refills at 3/6d at all leading Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

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Louis Philippe
CALLIGÉNIQUE
OF THE SAME RARE QUALITY AS THE ROUGE ANGELUS
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THOUGH she keeps her figure beautifully slim, yet it's not at the expense of her health. She's found that it's unnecessary to go in for fasting or dieting in order to become slender: all she does is to make sure of taking a morning glass of Kutnow's.

Kutnow's Powder is a pleasant saline with a dual action; it breaks up and eliminates surplus fat daily, and by its alkaline character also neutralizes those acids which lead to Rheumatism.

Half an hour before breakfast have your maid bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's in it, stir briskly and drink it off. Make this a morning habit and you make sure of keeping slim, supple and healthy.

KUTNOW'S
EFFERVESCENT SALINE
POWDER
OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9

The "Bystander" Golf Trophy

(Continued from page 38)

the green and holed his putt for a 4. After a half in 4 at the sixth, Sir Basil was in bunkers at the seventh and eighth, and lost both holes. At the ninth Sir Basil drove into the rough ground on the right and lost this hole; Gardner, who was short in 2, was lucky to win the hole in 5, a figure which was not good enough to halve this hole in many of the other matches. The tenth was halved in 4, where Gardner was just over the green in 2. At the eleventh Sir Basil took three putts and became three down, and lost another hole at the twelfth, where he was in a bunker over the green in 2. The thirteenth hole was played badly by both players; Gardner was bunkered just short of the green on the left, and Sir Basil pulled badly from the tee. He, however, won the hole in 4 to 5, as Gardner took three putts. At the fourteenth Sir Basil, who received a stroke, very unwisely drove on to the shingle "out of bounds"; Gardner drove into a bunker on the right, and Sir Basil, playing the hole perfectly with his second ball, won the hole with the aid of his stroke. At the fifteenth hole, Sir Basil, playing his second first, put his mashie shot stone dead. Gardner, in trying to get very close, finished in the cross-bunker short of the green. One of the spectators, whose knowledge of the game cannot be very great, remarked: "I did think he would make certain of getting over." To have got over would have done him no good, unless his shot finished sufficiently close to hole the putt for a half in 3. Sir Basil had now won three holes running, and it was apparently anyone's match. Gardner, however, was unperturbed, and played the sixteenth hole perfectly; Sir Basil, who had half-hit his second shot, was very short, but chipped up four feet from the hole. Gardner played a poor approach putt, but holed the next one, after Sir Basil had missed his short one. If Sir Basil had holed, Gardner's putt, after losing three holes running, would have been very much more difficult. At the seventeenth hole Gardner was out to the right, and never in sight of a 3; Sir Basil about eight yards past the hole, from where he unfortunately took three putts, to lose the match by 2 and 1. Sir Basil's defeat was largely due to mistakes on the greens. Gardner played courageous golf, and never allowed his misfortunes to upset him. He is a very fine match-player.

It can be seen that some very fine golf was played by, among others, John Morgan, of Birmingham, who drove consistently long and straight with an iron. After reaching the final of the ninth Eight, Morgan most unfortunately received a telephone message which necessitated his immediate return.

The winners of the other Eights, in order, were: W. H. Hatje, Lowestoft (handicap 7), G. Colling, Royal Worlington and Newmarket (handicap 9), W. R. Jarvis, the King's trainer, Royal Worlington and Newmarket (handicap 15). Jarvis was the only winner with a handicap of double figures; J. Newson, Eastward Ho! (handicap 2), O. V. Bunn, Felixstowe (handicap scratch), who has won the Suffolk Championship and who was the only scratch player to win a prize, R. L. Kirkwood, Royal Worlington and Newmarket (handicap 5), R. N. Benjamin, Sunningdale (handicap 7), C. C. W. Havell, Felixstowe (handicap 5), and R. G. Pegler (handicap 6).

Some exceptionally good golf was played in the second Eight. D. W. Turner was out in 39, not a particularly bad score, only to find himself 7 down to Hatje, who, with the assistance of three shots, played the first nine holes in 32. In the final of the fifth Eight J. Newson holed the course in approximately 68 strokes, to beat C. W. Roberts. This is the first occasion that one club (Royal Worlington and Newmarket) has supplied three winners in this Competition, and it was pleasing to note that the club over whose course the Competition was played supplied one winner, that the neighbouring club at Felixstowe supplied a winner, and that the County champion was also successful.

B. W. Bearman (handicap 16), of the Stanmore Golf Club, Middlesex, won the Bogey Competition, and Bracewell Smith (handicap 12), who was captain of the Felixstowe Golf Club when this meeting was last held there, was second.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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1/6, 2/6, 4/9, & 6/9 per bottle

from all toilet counters catering for the discriminating.

BRONNLEY LONDON

What's On

(Continued from page D)

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Last of the season; the L.P.O. and Leeds Festival Chorus give Verdi's Requiem Mass, with Ina Souez, Margaret McArthur, Heddle Nash, Norman Walker as soloists. Beecham conducting: Queen's Hall, April 4th, 8.15.

Bach Festival.—St. Matthew Passion, with Reginald Jacques conducting: Queen's Hall, April 7th. Part I, at 11, Part II. at 2.30.

L.S.O.—Last concert of the season; Harty conducts; the programme includes Walton's Viola Concerto (Lionel Tertiss), Berlioz' "Harold in Italy": Queen's Hall, April 8th, 8.15.

Recitals

Evelyn Munro.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Lisa Minghetti.—Recital by the Viennese violinist: Aeolian Hall, April 4th, 8.15.

The Grinke Trio: Wigmore Hall, April 5th, 8.30.

Franz Reizenstein.—With the English Wind Players, and 'cellist Mosa Chavini: Grotrian Hall, April 5th, 8.30.

Sammons and Solomon.—Sonata recital: National Sunday League Concert, April 7th, 3.15.

Backhaus.—Beethoven recital: Queen's Hall, April 9th, 8.15.

SPORT

Racing.—Craven Meeting: Newmarket. April 9th-11th.

Athletics.—A. A. A. Championships Wembley, April 6th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Roberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension, Friday.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; cabaret at midnight.

Café de Paris.—The Diamond Brothers play their tricks at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

Carlton.—Dancing on Tuesdays: special band and cabaret, and extension.

Dorchester.—A new show, with the Le Roy Prinz girls, the Three Sailors, and some star dancing; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension, Wednesday.

Villa Rodet.—D'Alba, the television girl, appears at midnight; music by Phil Green's band; extension and augmented cabaret, Tuesday.

In the Ballroom

Boat Race Eve Ball.—Grosvenor House, April 5.

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APRIL 17—FIVE SHILLINGS

This Extra Number will be apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It will be bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it will contain Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-five Years' reign will be Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing): Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, racehorse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated, and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition the issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of His Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

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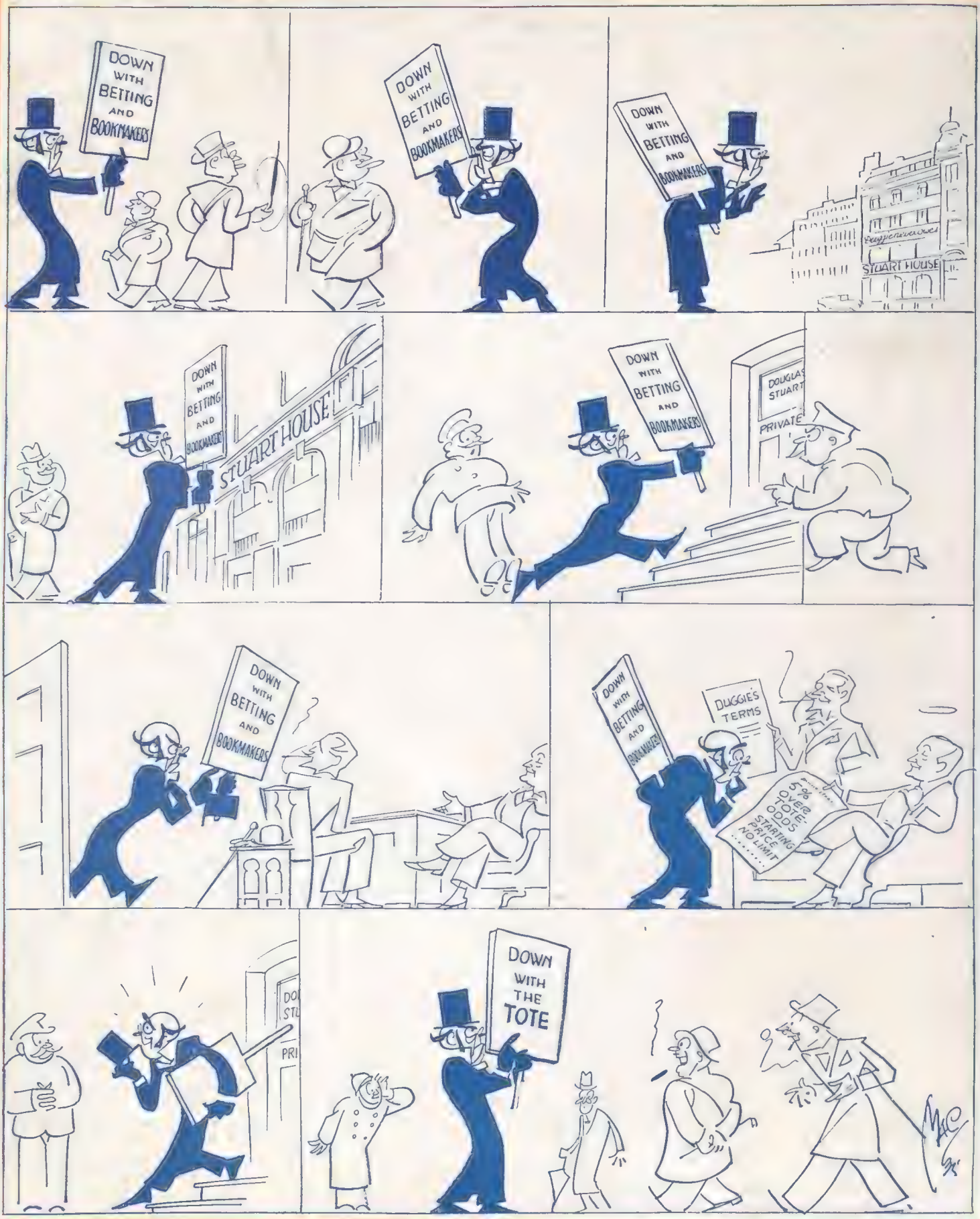
These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Jubilee Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.



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...and you, Madame

with whom nature was perhaps more generous, are you perfectly certain of taking advantage of her gifts?

Do you avoid those **infinitesimal** errors so incompatible with *true elegance?* In lieu of glaring and easily streaked make-up, your discriminating taste and choice will certainly be *the natural rouge created by Louis-Philippe for you.*

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Cuticle Cream (softens and removes excess cuticle) - - - - - - - - - 1/- and 1/6
Nail White Pencil, which is also an effective cuticle remover - - - - - 1/-

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VAREEN LTD., LONDON, W.11.

Pearl Freeman

Ruth Daniels

Navana

Hazel Wiltshire

Extreme left: Ruth Daniels is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Daniels, of Oldfield, Bickley, Kent, and niece of Sir Percy Daniels; is engaged to Keighley Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bennett, of Ditton Court, Maidstone

Left: Hazel Margaret Wiltshire is engaged to Dr. H. B. D. Kettlewell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kettlewell, of Edgbaston, Birmingham; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. C. Wiltshire, of Edgbaston

Right: Marjorie Evans, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Evans, of Codsall, Staffs, is engaged to Mr. John Lewis McCowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. McCowen, of Edgmond, Salop

Pearl Freeman

Marjorie Evans

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tyrian Post

Constance Bellingham

Daughter of the late Capt. Roger Bellingham, and Mrs. Bellingham, of Castlebellingham, Co. Louth, and niece of the Marchioness of Bute, is engaged to Brendan Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, of Dundalk

Bertram Park

Rosabel Whidborne

Daughter of the late Rev. G. F. Whidborne, and Mrs. Whidborne, of Kennet Orley, Woolhampton, Berks, is to marry Charles H. P. Crawfurd, R.A., son of the late Bishop of Stafford, and Mrs. Lionel Crawfurd, of Edgmond Manor, Newport, Staffs, on April 30

Pearl Freeman

Prudence Tomlin

Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Maurice Tomlin, of Low House, Richmond, Yorks, and is engaged to George Victor Seymour, son of Lord and Lady George Seymour, of High Dyke Farm, Wellingore, Lincs

Navana

Rhona Twist

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Twist, of Withybrooke, Warwickshire; she has announced her engagement to Douglas Angus, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Moray Angus, of Chart Cottage, Westerham

Distinctive Dresses for Important People

Miss Constance Muriel Skinner, younger daughter of Sir Sidney and Lady Skinner, wore this beautiful frock at her marriage to Mr. H. J. Kingerlee, son of Charles Kingerlee, of Oxford, which recently took place at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. It is carried out in ice blue and silver lamé, with a slim-fitting skirt which flows into a wide square train lined with silver. The high cowl is held in place with two diamanté clips, and the long, graceful sleeves finish in points over the hands. A girdle with diamanté and handkerchief ends encircles the waist

Yvonne Gregory

Suzanne Farran

Suzanne Farran is the daughter of the late Major G. F. Farran, R.F.A., and has announced her engagement to Capt. Guy Cholmley Bloxam, who is also a Gunner

Hay Wrightson

Morwenna Bellamy

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy, of Willapark, Tintagel, Cornwall; is to marry Lt.-Com. P. M. Stephens, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Highfield, Sutton, Surrey, at Boscastle, on April 29th

Bassano

Betty Brind

Elizabeth Marjorie Brind, daughter of Lt.-Gen. J. E. S. Brind, of Abbey House, Colchester, is engaged to Capt. John C. Preston, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, son of Col. and Mrs. E. E. Preston

Hance—Jones

Reginald Hance and Patricia Jones, youngest daughter of C. W. Jones, of Hatherton Lodge, near Nantwich, Cheshire, were married at Doddington Church, Woore The bride's father is the hon. secretary of the North Staffordshire Hunt

Branston—Allen

Kenneth Branston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil G. Branston, and Mrs. Yvette Allen, widow of Bruce Allen, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Appleton, of Courtfield Road, S.W., leaving Chelsea Old Church after their marriage

Napier—Harbottle

Harold Napier, son of the late Professor Arthur S. Napier, and principal private secretary to Sir Kingsley Wood, and Dorothy Harbottle, daughter of the late Sir John Harbottle, were married at Lady Margaret Hall Chapel, Oxford. With the bride and bridegroom are the Postmaster-General and Miss Barbara Grier Principal of the College

de Rose—Knight

The Marquis de Rose, son of the late Marquis, who was a Commander in the French Air Force, and Pamela Knight, elder daughter of Capt. C. M. Knight and Mrs. Broomfield Knight, of 8, de Vere Gardens, W.8, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

McIntyre—Potts

Fl.-Lieut. David F. McIntyre, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre, of the Durdans, Ayr, and Marjorie Potts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Potts, of 54, Elsworthy Road, N.W., were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Sykes—Roberts

Edward Molesworth Sykes, son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Percy and Lady Sykes, and Cicely Mary Roberts, elder daughter of the late Major A. Roberts, and Mrs. Victor Ferguson, of East Worldham House, Hants, were married at St. Barnabas's, Addison Road

Stanford—Wright

W. B. Stanford and Dorothy Wright leaving St. Ann's, Dublin, where their marriage took place. Mr. Stanford is a Junior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and probably one of the youngest Junior Fellows the College has had

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE ALCHEMIST.—Ben Jonson's play transferred from the Embassy, with Hugh Miller, Austin Trevor, Iris Hoey: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DELUSION.—Martin Brown's play has a Russian Ballet background; Ernest Milton as a crippled impresario, William Fox, Alanova, Margaretta Scott: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EVERYMAN.—This moving and lovely fifteenth-century religious play is beautifully played by Marie Ney, Richard Ainley, Russell Thorndike. Also the Chester Morality, THE PLAY OF THE SHEPHERDS: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8 15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART II.—George Merritt as Falstaff, Morland Graham as Shallow, Abraham Sofaer as the King: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THERE GO ALL OF US.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah, Olga Lindo is Abigail Hill; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederic Austin conducts: Criterion, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured; Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as compère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Queenie Leonard, Richard Goolden: Embassy, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for low-brows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE OLD LADIES.—From Hugh Walpole's book, with Edith Evans as the old gipsy, Jean Cadell and Mary Jerrold as the two elderly gentlewomen: New, to-night.

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with Ion Swinley as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Duke of York's, April 9th.

CINEMAS

ABDUL THE DAMNED.—A fine, exciting film, the leads well played by Fritz Kortner, Nils Asther, and Adrienne Ames: Rialto.

AFTER OFFICE HOURS.—Mainly a thriller, with a Park Avenue setting; Clark Gable and Constance Bennett as stars: Empire.

BRITISH AGENT.—A thriller, with Leslie Howard and Kay Francis as stars. Also LOTTERY LOVER, with Pat Paterson, Lew Ayres, Peggy Fears: Regal.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play; Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as Gemma Jones in the Hollywood film of the play, with Hugh Sinclair playing opposite her: London Pavilion.

FIGHTING STOCK.—A Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce for those that like them: New Gallery.

LAC AUX DAMES.—Vicki Baum's story has Jean-Pierre Aumont as hero, Simone Simon as the enchanting "Puck"; lovely settings and photography: Academy.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN.—A new and original team—Francis Lederer and Ginger Rogers. Also May Robson in GREAT OLD GIRL: Capitol.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP.—A comedy, with Charles Laughton as star as a valet; with him are Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Leila Hyams: Plaza.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, and Merle Oberon in the excellent film of Baroness Orczy's novel: Marble Arch Pavilion.

. . . SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE.—Paula Wessely as Marie-Louise, Napoleon's second wife-to-be, Willi Forst as the Duke of Modena, Gustaf Gründgens as Metternich; a beautifully photographed film: Curzon.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

STEUBEN GLASS.—America's most beautiful hand-made glass: Fine Arts Society, Bond Street, to April 6th.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.—Olympia.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY: Guildhall, to April 10th.

LONDON GARDENS GUILD FLOWER SHOW: Old Horticultural Hall, April 6th.

BRITISH CARNATION SOCIETY SHOW: Old Horticultural Hall, April 9th-11th.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION.—Stanford's opera has its first performance by this company: to-night, 8.

LA TRAVIATA: April 4th, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: April 5th, 8.

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, CASSE NOISETTE: April 6th, 2.30.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION: April 6th, 8.

LE LAC DES CYGNES: April 9th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* vi)

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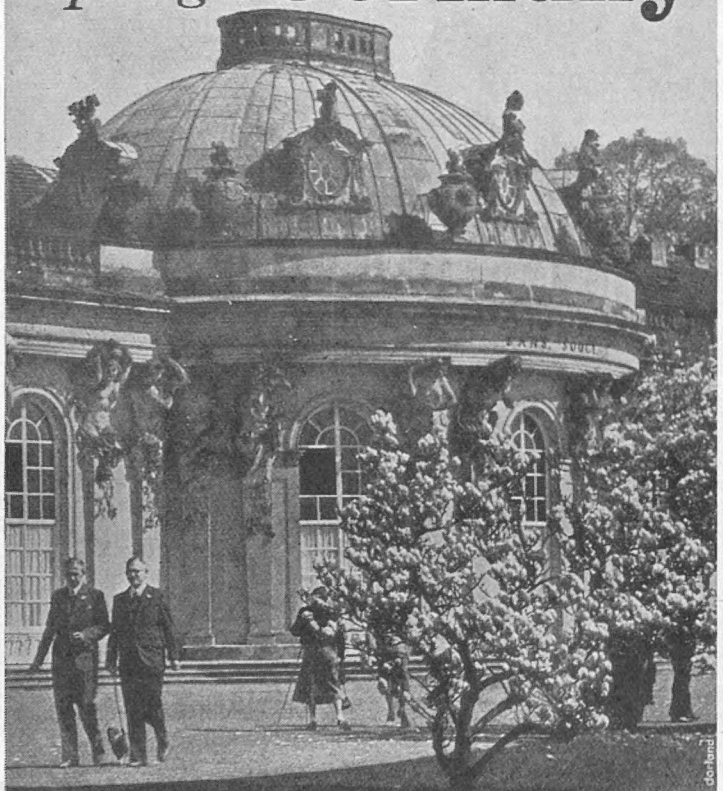

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